

# Halo: The Defense of Sanghelios

by Councilor Sora

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Summary: Councilor 'Rumilee is back this time he's facing off the Prophets for the Long awaited Showdown over the Elites Homeworld. This is apart of the Civil War of the Covenant. Read and Review plz, They are appreciated greatly.

## 1. Prologue

\_Halo:The Defense of Sanghelios\_

\_Prologue\_

There was once a blue world at the heart of the \_Alpha\_ quadrant. It like countless other worlds had life breathed into it by God during the first great cataclysm that started it all; the Big Bang. But this world gained a powerful sentient race that called themselves the Sangheli. They named their world Sanghelios. Soon after their industrial era the Sangheli despite their warlike nature made a nuclear Armistice, soon after they managed to build up towns and soon cities on the two satellites in orbit around the planet.

Within 300 years after their industrial age they had teraformed most of the worlds in their system they researched faster ways of travel and with in 50 years they had transcended to tier three and were capable of transversing outside of their home system. They also developed a strong worship of the Forerunner. But it was soon after the Sanghelian Empire reached its peak that they began to dispute amongst themselves thus starting the first Sanghelian War. The war was fierce Sangheli matching Sangheli; blow for blow. But the Sanghelian Republic triumphed over the Sanghelian Rebels. But the cost was great it would take a 50 year reconstruction period to rebuild their great empire.

Then for a dozen or so years their empire flourished under the rule of the First Arbiter Saro 'Reclusee but through this they discovered the San 'Shyuum race under disputed territory. 'Reclusee feared another war to break out without them so they decided to allow both

Sangheli and San 'Shyuum to worship on the world. But the San 'Shyuum wished in contrast to the Sangheli to take apart forerunner relics and to divulge their nature. The Sangheli viewed this as blasphemy and as a result the Sangheli-San 'Shyuum War begun the Sangheli dominated the San 'Shyuum on the planetary battles. Not only did they have better tactics they were stronger physically and they outnumbered them. But most battles took place in space. Hear the San 'Shyuum had their own advantage a single semi-operable Forerunner Dreadnought. Using hit and run tactics the Forerunner Dreadnought destroyed the Sanghelian fleet and pushed to the point where the Arbiter had been killed and another had replaced him on the field of battle.

The second Arbiter knew the state the Sanghelian Republic was in. They had to dismantle their own Forerunner Artifacts or face annihilation. Through this method the Sangheli managed to enhance their ragtag fleet and armor with Forerunner tech. They finally managed to assemble a fleet of warships capable of standing up to the Dreadnought. And not any too soon the San 'Shyuum were close to assaulting Sanghelios itself the Jewel of their Empire. After many years of fighting both sides proposed a treaty. The Sangheli would protect the San 'Shyuum whilst they searched for ways to follow the Forerunners in their Great Journey. And thus the Covenant was formed. The Forerunner Dreadnought was placed in the Center of High Charity and all of its weapon systems were disabled.

The Covenant grew soon they conquered the Unggoy with ease, subjugated the Kig-Yar, and had conquered the Lekgolo. Although the Conquering of the Lekgolo required an Arbiter to be chosen once again to "tame" the mighty Hunters by threatening to glass their entire planet. But this victory came at the loss of the Arbiter. After which it was decided that an Arbiter would not be chosen unless the Covenant was in a state of Civil divide.

During the period between the Grunt Rebellion and the Taming of the Hunters the Jiralhanae were discovered. These creatures had ascended to Tier 4 and had blasted themselves with nuclear weapons back to Pre-Industrial era. But, unlike races who were foolish enough to do this they did not learn they built back up their industries and went right back to war. When the Covenant found them it was all too easy to enslave them with the promise of Salvation. An Arbiter was not even needed. That is until the fools in the Ministry of Tranquility ignored growing tensions between the Unggoy and Kig-Yar. Not only did this leave the Junior staff member who warned them to be promoted to Minister but it led to the outbreak of a War between the two species. The War was quick and devastating and like so many Arbiters before him the 192nd died in service of his people. It was due to his sacrifice that the Wars of old and new came to a quick halt. I am the Junior Staffer who warned the Minister of Tranquility of the possible hostilities. And as a result I was promoted to Minister of Fortitude. But soon my own fate would be intertwined with two others. The then Vice Minister of Tranquility and the Philologist of the Dreadnought together discovered from the Oracle of that very vessel that not all of the Forerunners had made it on the Great Journey. Some had remained behind; these Humans. Together the three of us ascended to the throne of Hierarchy in a political scandal involving the former Hierarchy the Prophet of Restraint. I became the Prophet of Truth, the Philologist becoming the Prophet of Mercy, and Tranquility becoming the Prophet of Regret. Our first decree was to usher in the Ninth Age of Reclamation and our second to annihilate these humans before the

rest of the Covenant could figure out who these individuals were. Now I lead the Covenant with the other Hierarchs at my side and alas it seems our goal is in sight. The Atlas has been decoded, the powerful Human outpost called 'Reach crushed. And now the Sacred Ring has been discovered. All Hail the Forerunners.

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Well this is the Prologue its primary purpose is to tell the History of the Covenant. And no this is not going to be a story about Truth its still the Elites story. I just thought this was a good way to start a new story.

## 2. For the Journey!

\_Halo: The Defense Sanghelios\_

\_Chapter 1: For the Journey!?!\_

High Charity

9th Age of Reclamation

Trial of the 193rd Arbiter.

High Councilor Sora 'Vran Rumilee could not believe his ears not only had Councilor 'Rolamee been executed for military failure by the Minister of Tranquility. But the Ministers of Etiology and Tranquility were both killed in the Campaign. Now the Supreme Commander of Particular Justice was being charged on grounds of heresy. He was suspicious of the Prophets behavior but this was outrageous. The bloody fools\_ordered\_ him not to destroy the Human vessel and it was thanks to the Prophets "wisdom" that the Sacred Ring ended up becoming a Sacred Graveyard.

"Father are you alright," Fleet Master Eradar 'Rumilee inquired.

Ignoring the question Sora made a rush towards his personal Phantom. The trial was set to begin in one unit(a human hour).

"Father?"

"I must clear this Sangheli of his alleged sins I have lost a fellow Councilor and now they threaten my subordinate!?" Sora growled. Thoughts began to spin through his mind. The Supreme Commander of the Fleet of Particular Justice was \_his\_ subordinate. He was not ready to let him face an un-honorable death at the hands of the Tartarus and his Jiralhanae. He pounded his fists against the beautifully crafted walls of his estate breaking the stone. With that he sped off to his Phantom his four Honor Guards tailing him.

Eradar sensed something was amidst. But for now all he could do was sit back and let his father defend the Commander.

In the High Council Chambers Sangheli Councilors muttered amongst themselves Junior Councilor 'Rolamee's seat was conspicuously empty.

One of the Councilors was about to break down in a fit of emotions. This was the defendants father. The sight of his once proud and honorable son facing damnation by the Prophets was driving him insane.

"It will be fine I will not let him face death old friend," Councilor 'Rumilee reassured the venerable Councilor who now was over 100 cycles(human years) of age. He put his hand on his shoulder.

Just as he said that Sangheli Honor Guards swarmed in and the Platform at the front of the Chamber rose to reveal the three most powerful creatures in the Covenant; the Hierarchs. The Prophets of Truth, Mercy, and Regret appeared. The Prophet of Truth's dark brown skin was covered in Red robes down to his gnarled feet. His long neck cropped up in anticipation. The Prophet of Mercy sat hunched over his pale skin matching the tone of his Grey robes. Regret appeared in holographic form; apparently he was on a mission before the emergency meeting was given out.

Tartarus the silver haired Jiralhanae stood a head over even the mighty Sangheli in the room. He grunted and almost instantly two Jiralhanae brought in a Sangheli clad in the Gold Armor of a Zealot.

"So lets begin shall we, let me start by asking how the Humans got to the Sacred Ring?" Regret tore into the Supreme Commander quicker than lightning.

"They managed to breach our perimeter by using their own fleet as a distraction," the Sangheli shot back.

"How many ships?" Regret asked rather annoyed he was their to have this Sangheli executed for Heresy.

"There was only one ship," the Commander responded honestly.

"One are you sure?" the Prophet of Truth sat up in his throne.

"Yes they called it Pillar of Autumn."

Councilor 'Rumilee looked on as the Prophet Councilors got more and more disgusted as the trial went on. The Sangheli Councilors all sympathized with him but it would not be enough. He talked with another Councilor over the legitimacy of the allegations. Both agreed it was the deceased Minister of Tranquility's fault that the Humans even made contact with the ring. But Sora knew that the Commanders chance being cleared of all charges was destroyed when the Minister of Reclamation; the Prophet of Objection got up and shook his fist in anger.

"NAY IT WAS HERESY!" the embittered Prophet barked in response to Truths attempt to belittle the loss of the Holy Ring. The San 'Shyuum Councilors roared in agreement. The Sangheli were offended and objected. But the San 'Shyuum had made his mark all Sora could do now was try to reduce the commanders Sentence.

"Soon the Great Journey will begin but when it does the wait of your Heresy will stay your feet and you shall be left behind," Truth said as two Jiralhanae escorted the Commander out of the room. Tartarus soon followed suit.

"Noble Prophet of Truth it is not just this warriors error that the Sacred Ring was destroyed. The Minister of Tranquility ordered him not to destroy the Human vessel!" Sora barked

"But he failed to secure the Ring when the Humans landed!" Regret spit back.

"This warrior has an impressive track record, are you just going to let him face death at the hands of the Jiralhanae! You know as well as I that the true Heretics are mobilizing in this system. We need one who can quell this heresy; an Arbiter must be brought forth! And who better to quell it than the Supreme Commander who I'd bet is vengeful and ready for combat."

"Noble Prophet of Truth you can't seriously be..." Regret was cut off by Truth.

"I concur with High Councilor 'Rumilee. All in favor."

The Prophets of Truth and Mercy and the Sangheli side of the High Council raised their hands.

"Then it is decided this Commander shall become the 193rd Arbiter!"

With that they left the Chambers. Sora was just about to reach the Phantom's docking bay when he saw Tartarus still torturing the now Arbiter. Sora ran forward his Honor Guards struggling to catch up.

"CEASE THIS MADNESS!" he barked he grabbed the Jiralhanae's arm and yanked it away from the Branding Iron. His escorting Jiralhanae reached for their weapons only to have the Councilor's Honor Guards put their Energy Staffs to their necks. A single false move and it was game over.

"Take care Councilor this is the Prophets will what you are doing is Heresy!" the beast Barked

"Is it now? The Prophet of Truth demands that he be brought to the Mausoleum of the Arbiter immediately for something special," the Sangheli rebutted this seemed to please the beast as he called his Jiralhanae off and they began the long walk to the Mausoleum. The Jiralhanae had to drag the Arbiter because he had blacked out from the intense pain.

'May the Forerunners guide you' he thought. Then he turned to see the Arena filled to Capacity.

"Don't you all have work to do!" he barked and with that he boarded his Phantom and returned to his Estate. He had to commission a SpecOps team to assist the Arbiter in his work.

Eradar 'Rumilee stared towards the Forerunner Dreadnought. He pondered the Journey and the Prophets. He could not believe that a devout follower like the Supreme Commander would be so cruelly punished. Surely his sin was great but should he not be forgiven and given a second chance. But Eradar's thoughts were interrupted as his Father's Phantom descended into the Center of the Estate's landing

platform. The sides of the Dropship Opened and four Honor Guards clad in their ornate orange and Red armor jumped down armed with matching Energy Staffs. Followed by another Sangheli clad in Pristine White Armor topped with a large ornamental helmet. Eradar went to greet his father.

"What news from the Council honorable Councilor," he asked.

"I got him promoted," Sora laughed.

"What?!" Eradar responded.

"He will become the 193rd Arbiter and will earn a substantial place in Sanghelian history." Sora said in a slightly sad tone.

"Father does this mean..."

"Yes he will die. But he will die with Honor, like so many before him; For the Journey!" he yelled.

'Father' He thought. Eradar didn't need his father to tell him this trial was the beginning of growing tensions between the Sangheli and other client races particularly the Jiralhanae. He let his father retire to his quarters whilst he contacted an old client.

Necra 'Relcramee stood aboard High Councilor Sora 'Vran Rumilee's personal flagship the Supercarrier \_Honorable Demise.\_ He was Shipmaster, Chief of Security, and one of the Councilor's most trusted warriors. He had also become his son's rather persistent rival. But over the past few cycles the Councilor had decided to remain in High Charity. Mostly because for some reason the Hierarchs had restricted the Councilor's movement.

"Shipmaster! You have a message from Fleet Master Eradar 'Rumilee."

"I'll be right there!"

Major Quano 'Attinree stood on the Command deck awaiting the Shipmaster's arrival. According to what I heard the daring Arbiter single handedly killed the Heretic Leader and destroyed the flood by plunging them all into the center of the planets core. A remarkable feat to say the least. But, other than that the Prophet of Regret led a failed invasion of what now appears to be the Human Homeworld. But that was all common news now. What did the Fleet Master want. Just then Shipmaster 'Relcramee walked in clad in his Steel Ultra armor.

"What news from the front 'Rumilee?" he barked.

"Excuse me \_Ship\_ Master," Eradar mused.

"I don't care if you were High Councilor I'll never look to you as my superior daddy's b..."

"Necra I did not contact you to fight all I will say is that the time is near my father says to assemble all forces as he commanded."

"...Very well tell him I await his command."

"Sir?"

"Contact Xytan 'Jar Wattinree tell him to be on the look out for Jiralhanae they could be close to treachery. The rebellion may have already began."

"Commanders when we arrive at Instillation 05 you are to be vigilant and trust no Jiralhanae. If they want War we'll give them what they want. But do not strike first if we do the Prophets will have grounds to..."

"Excellencies you might wish to see this. Its better if you see it!"

"We are greatly remorseful of the fact that today we have lost a Hierarch. I fear that I must take action! The Sangheli cannot protect the Prophets so behold the Solution!" Truth Spat to the crowds on High Charity.

The screen switched to the image of Jiralhanae replacing Sangheli Honor Guards.

"But fear not my brothers the Great Journey is near and none will be left behind."

The transmission ended within about two units a Phantom dropped from the skies and landed. Jiralhanae came in and headed straight for the Councilor. They tried to take his Honor Guards Staffs.

"RELEASE THEM NOW !" Sora barked

"The Noble Prophet of Truth Commands that we Replace your..."

"I forbid it."

"But we..."

"I said I..."

"Honorable Councilor, we just received Tartarus has returned from the Surface of the Ring with the Index."

"Thats good news what of the Arbiter."

"He, did not return and no Sangheli in the Army that assaulted the library have returned even Commander Rtas 'Vadumee."

"Well then it looks like the time has come."

"What do you think you are doing," the Commanding Jiralhanae barked.

"Doing what I've been meaning to for ages." the Councilor responded swiftly. The Jiralhanae had no time to even respond to the Councilor's snide remark. He drew two Energy Swords and leapt into the air and decapitated two of the Jiralhanae. Before the other two could react they were impaled by four Energy Staffs. The Jiralhanae dropped quicker than two Supercarriers in their mongrel worlds atmosphere's.

"Excellency?" Eradar questioned.

"Warriors prepare for Combat!"

With that all of the Sangheli in the room drew their Energy Swords. The Helios Guards stationed in the Estate grabbed Fuel Rod Cannons and destroyed the Jiralhanae Phantom in a spectacular explosion.

Chieftain Brutus stood on the Command deck of the Assault Carrier Objection of Truth he stared as his fleet assembled in orbit of Doisac. All 8,000 warships stood alongside the mighty Defense fleet. Soon the time to strike Sanghelios would come.

"Ah Brutus, good to see you," a voice said.

"And you Holy One." the Jiralhanae piped back.

"Is the Fleet assembled."

"Yes Holy One it has been done, but it seems as though the Sangheli know of our plans."

"Ashame, I was hoping to let them die before they knew what hit them. Well Commence the Slipspace jump in two units."

"Yes Holy One It shall be done."

"Good soon the non-believers shall be whiped from existance."

Sora looked at the Forerunner Dreadnought for the last time as his Phantom descended towards the docks. He had a full squadron of now Seperatist Banshee's Escorting him. As he entered the docks he noticed that the Sangheli had remained in control of the part where his fleet was docked. When he reached the Docks he was greeted by Ship Master Necra 'Relcramee who had prepared the fleet for departure.

"What is the Status of the Fleets of Homogenous Clarity?"Sora asked.

"The First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Fleets are all engaged in combat with each other." The Prophets made their move. The flood is spreading my lord and if Fighting like this continues it is only a matter of time before quarantine is broken."

"If such happens then may the Gods help us."

"Sir there is a transmission coming from the Surface of the Ring Sangheli frequency."

"My Brothers the Prophets have betrayed us! The Great Journey is a lie," the Arbiter spoke " I know what I say may sound like heresy. But I have hear the Oracle who will tell you what Halo's purpose is."

The small blue orb recognized by the Prophets themselves as Oracles told the entire Sanghelian Fleet the truth about the 'Sacred' Ring. How the Forerunners used them as last resorts to fight the Parasite.



And the cruel fate that was cast down upon them. A Galaxy wide genocide to deprive the Flood of food.

"Arbiter? What will you do the Jiralhanae have started a Civil War and..."

"Excellency the Flood is spreading inside the City we detect millions of Flood Spores."

"Launch the Fleet! Do you think the Army will be able to contain it."

"Hopefully sir but the Civil War has taken many Sangheli and even more are aboard the vessels in this fleet."

"Take heed I rescued two High Councilors from the Jiralhanae and Tartarus is dead. We must quarantine this sector but the Human Homeworld needs reinforcements."

"Arbiter the Forerunner Dreadnought has launched I have confirmed reports that the Prophet of Mercy has died. The Prophet of Truth left him to the flood. The Fleet is destroying itself. Based on my predictions the Sangheli will come out on top this battle with 200 ships used to blockade the System. And my personal escort fleet is going to lead the Sanghelian Defence Fleet. Spare ships are hard to come by."

"Wait sir there is a Single unarmed merchant vessel that failed to leave when the flood came I sent two Sangheli to bring it to the Arbiter. It is designed to fit fifty passengers. It can accompany the Arbiter and his human guests."

"Good send it to the Surface."

"Sir a Jiralhanae Carrier has decided to attack this ship."

"What a foolish Ship Master it must have. Broadside! The fools wish to face our guns."

The Councilor's Supercarrier Honorable Demise was over double the length of the approaching Assault Carrier. At over 10km long the warship was the most powerful class in the fleet. The Broadside was an incredible display as the Assault Carrier was gutted by the Supercarrier's dozens of Energy Projectors, Plasma Torpedoes, and Pulse lasers. The Jiralhanae had no time to even get to the escape pods.

"Ship Master if any flood ships break the lines pursue!"  
> "Yes excellency," Ship Master Rtas 'Vadum responded.<p>

"Eradar take us home," Sora said.

With that Sora and his Personal fleet of 100 jumped into Slipspace, destined to the place of all Sangheli's birth; Sanghelios. This world was now the Capital of the Covenant Separatists and was sure to be under siege. And the Sangheli would be there to defend it. The largest battle in Covenant History was about to begin.

First Chapter was kinda boring guys; Sorry I had to give some back story to Councilor Sora 'Vran Rumilee and associates.

BTW to those who read my first story the Spartans will probably not be making an appearance.

### 3. The Journey to Sanghelios

\_Halo:The Defense of Sanghelios\_

\_Chapter 2:Journey to Sanghelios\_

Covenant Supercarrier

Honorable Demise

1st Age of Truth

High Councilor Sora 'Vran Rumil stood on the command deck of his personal Supercarrier\_Honorable Demise\_ he and his escort fleet of 100 ships they were scheduled to meet with three dozen carriers led by the Assault Carrier \_Venerable Exaltation.\_ The Carriers held evacuees from the world that was now in the path of an unstoppable Jiralhanae armada.

"Honorable Councilor," the naval officer said, "the fleet is about to exit Slipspace in 5."

And within an instant the main view screen was painted with the white dots of stars in the cluster. Four dozen carriers formed in a circular around their flagship. But as the Councilor's fleet jumped out of Slipspace. 300 Jiralhanae warships jumped out of Slipspace; the advance party to the main fleet.

"Brute ships, standard formation! Councilor they outnumber us three to one!" the tactical officer barked.

"Good I'm in the mood for a good warm up. All ships form up ships with Energy projectors in the center destroyers form a circle around the larger cruisers," the Councilor said arrogantly, "Give me a firing solution on the projectors."

"Excellency we have the solution."

"Fire at will have the destroyers speed in and annihilate the remnants of their forward line then withdraw to a safe distance, don't engage their CCS-classes."

The fleet all complied and within a second the Jiralhanae ships were torn into by the Councilor's projectors three dozen of which were from the Councilor's personal fleet carrier. Before the Jiralhanae could strike back the destroyers charged in and wiped out the remaining forward line. In the first ten minutes of the battle the Jiralhanae already lost fifty ships

"Carriers launch the fighters! Cover the destroyers withdrawal and I want those Energy Projectors charged ASAP!" The Councilor barked.

"Chieftain we have lost contact with the forward line they have been destroyed."

Chieftain Ructus could not believe that the Sangheli had this many ships this far away from their colonies. 'Had they figured out Alpha Chieftain Brutus' plans to take this route. But he had to accomplish his goal aboard that Assault Carrier was the one of the Prophets most prized targets killing him would ascend him to Alpha Chieftain.

"Sir we are engaging their cruisers..."

"NO SHOOT THE CARRIER, WE HAVE TRACKED HIM THIS FAR!"

Aboard the bridge of the Assault Carrier Venerable Exaltation Imperial Admiral Xytan 'Jar Wattinr stood. The renowned Admiral had managed to survive the cataclysm at Joyous Exaltation, but just barely. It happened that when the Nova Bomb went off his Supercarrier's reactor devoted all power on the massive ship to the shield on the Orientation room. The rest of the ship was obliterated along with the majority of the fleet save about seventy ships. The Assault Carrier and its three dozen carrier escorts decided to heed the call of a few Sanghelian citizens under Jiralhanae rule. But after defeating the garrison a fleet of Jiralhanae who were coming to attack his fleet at Joyous Exaltation managed to track him to this location. He was lucky that High Councilor 'Rumil's fleet arrived when it did. The Admiral was the center of all attention on the bridge not only was he over eleven and a half feet tall; an extraordinary height for a Sangheli he also was clad in ornate silver armor covered in ancient God, 'no' he thought Forerunner symbols. He hoped that Fleet Master Voro 'Nar Mantakree had managed to escape destruction. But it was unlikely even with the reinforcements he sent after the bomb went off.

"Excellency, the Jiralhanae's target is you maybe you should relocate to the Councilor's ship," one of his dozen Helios guards said.

"No my place is here on the bridge of this ship with my crew join the formations of the Councilor's fleet and open fire with the Energy Projectors."

Whilst Xytan was doing that the Councilor secretly told Eradar to lead a crew SpecOps Sangheli into the Bowels of the Jiralhanae Assault Carrier that led the fleet. As his Phantoms touched down they were assaulted by a large group of Jiralhanae and Kig-Yar. The Jiralhanae were clad in Power Armor similar to the ones he saw during the Battle of Conquest.

"Fire at Unggoy use you plasma pistols well, Sangheli deployable cover." The gold clad Zealot barked.

The Jiralhanae used Spikers which did not do very well against the Deployable Cover. The Kig-Yar however were more successful bringing down the shields with overcharged plasma shots. Even after Lobbing a few grenades in the enemies flank they still held strong.

"Necra now!" Eradar barked.

Shipmaster Necra 'Relcramee who was taking cover on a recently deployed Sniper tower opened fire with his beam rifle. First taking out the Jiralhanae clad in the Cyan Armor; the Captain Ultra. When he was down he focused on his Minor Subordinates who were now being slain by Eradar's men who sported recently drawn Energy Swords. The

formerly shining floor of the Hangar was now stained with Kig-Yar and Jiralhanae blood.

"Alright bring in the Stealth corvette!" Eradar barked.

Stealth Corvettes were unarmed undetectable spi vessels. Though the recently updated Sangheli ones were armed with multiple point lasers and Pulse lasers. The ship had a decent complement. As it entered the ship uncloaking just as it entered the Hangar. The Bulbous vessel deployed a gravity lift from its central hull.

"Ok Sangheli our objective is to destroy or capture this ship. Now in order to do this I will lead a party to the Bridge and Necra will lead a party to the Reactor room. We will be divided in three teams of 100 Sangheli and two hundred Unggoy. The rest will stay and guard the Hangar."

Chieftain Ructus' black and red armor almost shone blue in the reflective light on the command deck.

"Chieftain!" a Jiralhanae clad in gold armor of a Captain Major barked.

"WHAT NOW!"

"The Sangheli have deployed a large boarding party to the Hangar bay."

"Then kill them you fool!" the Chieftain spat back

"Ye-Yes Chieftain!" the Captain spat back.

Eradar sped through the Halls it was hear where the SpecOps had an advantage; armed with Energy Swords even the Jiralhanae could not match them in close Quarters. As he decapitated a Jiralhanae he got a transmission from the Command ship.

"Status Fleet Master," Councilor 'Rumilee said over the comm.

"Excellency we have secured the Hangar and are proceeding to capture the Bridge and main Reactor rooms."

"Good the Space battle fares well the Jiralhanae have lost a third of their forces and we have lost only five warships."

"Impressive Councilor I will see you back on the Command ship 'Rumil out."

Just as the Transmission ended a grenade impacted off of his energy shields.

"Sangheli check motion trackers we have stalkers," Eradar said while taking cover behind a pillar.

Stalkers the eyes and assassins for the Jiralhanae Chieftains; their secret police had great active camouflage and had gained a reputation of keeping their victims alive until the last secretion of pain was etched from them, that you would die of the strain on your body.

"Be careful these are deadly warriors."

Just as he said that one of his SpecOps Sangheli's shields went down and was soon impaled by a long sickle like blade impaled him through the chest. But the Sangheli had quick reaction time and stabbed the Jiralhanae through himself with his Energy Sword. The Stalker's camouflage disengaged as the beast's mouth still gaping open in surprise coughed up a large amount of blood. The Sangheli smiled; or at least as what would pass as a smile in his race as he met his makers for the first time since birth.

Eradar turned on the heat seekers in his golden Assault harness and he saw the red blobs of the cloaked Jiralhanae.

"Sangheli thermal vision now!" he said as five more of his Sangheli fell.

He grabbed his sword and ran it through the enemy. His Sangheli drew their Energy blades and ran it through the nearest glob of red. Some of the Jiralhanae had swift moves and managed to take 16 more Sangheli with them. But soon the one hundred stalkers were soon all killed by the Sangheli. Now 84 Sangheli stood their armor drenched in Jiralhanae blood.

Chieftain Brutus sat before the Forerunner temple aboard his Assault Carrier only to hear the footsteps of the Captain Major he had just told to send the Stalkers in to neutralize the Sangheli.

"Why have you disturbed me?" he inquired.

"Its about the stalkers Chieftain."

"Ah yes did they destroy are enemies."

"N-No Chieftain they failed to destroy the Sangheli."

"Strange I did not think any Sangheli would be able to match the Stalker's moves or see through their camouflage."

"It was Sora 'Vran Rumil's SpecOps Excellency."

"Ah that would explain it very well mobilize the Carrier's armies then."

"Do you think the 300 they mobilized will fall to our armies."

"It will destroy them we have numbers at our side."

Councilor Sora 'Vran Rumil stared as the Brute fleet attempted to block his fleets steady progression to their flagship. But the efforts were futile the Jiralhanae were now down a third of their fleet and over fifty were damaged in some way. Only half of their fleet was intact.

"Discharge projectors target their CCS-classes then let the destroyers push right on through their staggered lines."

The fleet complied and within a few moments the Jiralhanae's CCS-Class wings were annihilated by concentrated Energy Projector shots. The Jiralhanae were fighting a losing battle.

"Sangheli fire your weapons at the lead. Unggoy discharge your Plasma pistols at maximum and Sangheli coordinate it with a carbine head shot."

Within an instant the Jiralhanae were faced with their Armor breaking off of them and carbine shots wheezing through their thick skulls. But soon the concentrated fire failed and the Kig-Yar replaced the Jiralhanae at the front. But they were mowed down by the oncoming fire. And soon the Jiralhanae were being abandoned by shield less Kig-Yar. But the Jiralhanae in turn killed all cowards immediately.

"Excellency they keep coming."

"Push towards the bridge and we can end them all with the ships systems."

The Sangheli regaining morale drew their Energy Swords and pushed through the Jiralhanae lines with the Unggoy giving cover fire. The Jiralhanae who was in command of the division stood Eradar down. He drew an Energy Sword from his belt.

" I just started my collection but I hope to add several more to it." the beast growled.

It began a fierce duel with Eradar; slashing at him fiercely. But the Brute lacked the Elegance of one of the Sangheli's most renowned family of duelists. In fact his family was only granted the permission to marry because they were Councilors and Councilors needed the mental support of a wife. The Jiralhanae made a long stab but Eradar effortlessly dodged it and ran his Sword through Shields armor and flesh. The Jiralhanae tried to make one last swing but Eradar deactivated his sword and jumped back as the Jiralhanae finally collapsed on his own weight.

The last assault had been costly for the Sangheli. He lost over thirty more Sangheli and fifty Unggoy. He had to make the last push to the bridge soon. His thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of an Unggoy turret group.

"Good set up there towards the start of the bridge corridor I have a plan."

They managed to reach the Bridge Corridor relatively quickly. He had the Unggoy gunners set up to mow down the Jiralhanae who were guarding the bridge of the Carrier. Over 1000 Jiralhanae formed a wall to stop the coming Sangheli.

"FIRE!" Eradar ordered. As the turrets tore into the Jiralhanae and Kig-Yar alike. For a moment it seemed like the Jiralhanae were just going to take it being lined up and gunned down. But soon Kig-Yar snipers began to fire at the Unggoy gunners. He smiled.

"Now!" he barked.

Sangheli who had stripped beam rifles off of dead Kig-Yar snipers shot with dead accuracy surpassing even the Kig-Yar themselves. Simultaneously his Sangheli grabbed the turrets and ripped them off their stands. The overwhelming firepower was driving the Jiralhanae

back being that their weapons didn't have the range the Sangheli had. When the Jiralhanae were reduced to a smaller amount. The Sangheli dropped their depleted turrets and charged with their blades cutting down the remaining Jiralhanae opposition. The group now only had five Sangheli and ten Unggoy remaining.

"Necra status!"

"We are about to reach the Reactor room in about five semi-units(human minutes.)"

"Affirmative delta commander we are proceeding into the bridge now."

Before Eradar could plunge his sword into the Command Center's door the door swung wide open to reveal a Brute Chieftain his red and black armor reflecting the light of the command deck. The warrior took his combat stance and drew his Gravity Hammer from the back of his Armor. Two of his Sangheli tried to overtake him with swords but he jumped in the air and smashed the two Sangheli together impaling both of them on each other's swords. The rest of Eradar's Sangheli were about to charge with their own swords but Eradar stopped them in their tracks.

"I will deal with the Chieftain myself back away and enjoy the view," Eradar sneered.

"AREN'T YOU A BIT FULL OF YOURSELF! YOU WOULD HAVE A BETTER CHANCE ALL COMING AT ME AT ONCE!"

"True as that may be I fight alone, come meet your death Jiralhanae," Eradar said coolly as he activated his Sanghelian arm shield( similar to that of the Kig-Yar's but more powerful) and his Energy Sword.

The Jiralhanae gritted his teeth and charged forth. Eradar spun forth and swung hoping to cut the beast in half. But he jumped 'All to easy' Eradar thought as he matched the Brute's movement and prepared to dice his legs off. But the clever Jiralhanae blasted the Air with his Hammer and jumped a good twenty feet in the air. And landed behind him. Eradar had to spin on his heels to block the Charging brute. The force of the Gravity Hammer impacting the shield shattered it and pushed Eradar against the wall of the Command deck. He could hear the Jiralhanae cheering their Chieftain on as he raised his hammer to finish him off. But he rolled just as the blow impacted the ground. He drew a second Energy Sword and took his combat stance. 'My father would destroy him in single combat so why shouldn't I!' Eradar jumped in the Air and made a fierce slash with his Energy Sword. The Jiralhanae narrowly avoided getting his head chopped off. He swung his Hammer just as Eradar swung his Sword. A loud clang was made as the two powerful weapons collided. Both of the warriors were thrown back with their shields drained. The Jiralhanae attempted to swing his hammer and finish Eradar off. But the Sangheli's blade was far lighter and he was quicker. He stabbed the Jiralhanae as hard as he could with both Swords. The Jiralhanae smiled as he turned on his invincibility. This purely white shield could withstand any blow for a few seconds. 'Shit' Eradar thought as he was forced to jump away. The beast charged forward and prepared to kill Eradar and would have succeeded had his own Sangheli not intercepted the beast.

"ARRGGGGH! What are you doing this is single combat..." the Jiralhanae spat.

"STAND DOWN!" Eradar barked. He smiled to himself his Sangheli had done well the beasts invincibility was done. Eradar jumped up the Brute slashed the air viciously trying to kill Eradar one made its mark but Eradar jumped on top of the Hammer and diced off the beasts hands. Then he impaled the beast on his swords. The Chieftain's bridge crew gaped beneath their face masks. But, before they could react Eradar's Sangheli quickly cut them down with relative ease.

"Men to your stations prepare to use this carrier to our own fleets advantage. Seal the bridge. Necra is the reactor room secure.?" He said.

"Yeah, we've been waiting for ages," Necra jeered.

"Good, I'm putting the AI in now," Eradar said as he took a small chip from his armor and put it into the ship's database.

"Well its about time. I'm venting any corridors in Jiralhanae hands of oxygen," Eradar's personal AI Seeker said.

The images of several thousand Jiralhanae gasping for air and then finally succumbing to suffocation appeared on the view screen.

"Councilor 'Rumil this is Fleet Master Eradar 'Rumil we have secured the Enemy flagship."

The Space battle was intense and had become a free for all melee. The Jiralhanae Ship Masters attempted to broadside larger and more powerful Sangheli ships. It failed. Anytime the Sangheli ships would come close to death they would ram enemy ships and take them to hell as well. But with the help of the Captured Assault Carrier \_Mendicant Regret\_ the battle was won by the Sangheli. Now in orbit around the world stood 103 Sanghelian warships. They lost 33 ships to the Jiralhanae but the Jiralhanae lost 253 warships before withdrawing.

Councilor Sora 'Vran Rumil had ordered his fleet to make all possible speed to Sanghelios. Meanwhile back aboard the Councilor's personal Supercarrier \_Honorable Demise\_ the Councilor met with all of his topped ranked officers in the central orientation room.

"My Ship Masters I have brought you hear to declare that as of now we are no longer at war with the Human; they are with us."

The Ship Masters most clad in Gold Armor and the lucky select few Ultras began to mutter amongst themselves. Many had lost friends, brothers, and even fathers at the hands of the Humans.

"I know what you are thinking we have been at war with them for many cycles now. Why should we give our sworn enemies our allegiance. It is because we are not so different. For one we both are being hunted by the Brutes. We both have hated each other for quite a while now and to top it all off we all hate that bastard Truth!" the Councilor's statement was met with a roar of support from the crowd of anxious Zealots.



Imperial Admiral 'Wattinr stepped up to the podium and whispered into Councilor 'Rumil's ear.

"That world is a human one you know. What were Sangheli doing there."

"The Jiralhanae were looking for something. When we heard you had declared the Humans allies we evacuated refugees onto our carriers. But we found some peculiar Humans planet side."

"What do you mean?" the Higher ranked Sangheli inquired.

When the Imperial Admiral divulged what he meant all Sora could do was gape. The Humans must have known that the world had valuable artifacts there if the ship docked in the hangar bay of the \_Venerable Exaltation\_ was none other than the Human prowler at Conquest. None other than the \_Sparta\_ and its Commanding officer Senior Chief Petty Officer Rob Spartan-199. The ship that was crewed by those mini-demons. There was no way for them to get back to their home world with a damaged Slipspace drive. They would have to stick around until Sanghelios was secure.

"Well it looks like for the duration of this campaign we will be hosts to the De-Spartans of Conquest until the Jiralhanae fleet bearing down on Sanghelios is destroyed completely, tonight my brothers we feast on our victory. TOMORROW WE GO TO WAR! NOT FOR THE JOURNEY, BUT FOR SANGHELIOS!" the Councilor's speech was met with thunderous applause and the roars of Sangheli bent on Jiralhanae's destruction. All was set in motion the Defense of Sanghelios was about to begin.

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I think that this was a good chapter and I guess I will be adding the Spartans in I just couldn't let them go. I hope you enjoyed it plz review.

Councilor Sora

#### 4. Defenses of Sanghelios

Halo: The Defense of Sanghelios

Chapter 3:The Defenses of Sanghelios

\_Sanghelian Temple of the Arbiter\_

\_First Age of Truth\_

Imperator Sora 'Xran Rumil stood in front of the new Sanghelian High Council which incorporated the Unggoy, and Lekgolo. As Imperator the former High Councilor now had ornate gold Forerunner markings imprinted on his old Armor. The red and green markings on his helm were replaced with thinner gold ones. On his arm plates each sported the "Mark of Shame" which was now the most honorable symbol in the Sanghelian empire. But this new armor was not just some promotion.

The Emperor was Commander and Chief of all Sanghelian forces and though was ultimately sub servant to the Arbiter had to agree with him in order for any military action to be gone through with. When he had called an Emergency joint session of the Sanghelian Council he had expected the Arbiter to had returned by that time and that he would have led the meeting. But as the Arbiter's traditional second in command he would have to lead the meeting. 'When will they be ready' he thought as he scratched his head. Almost as if reading his mind a Sanghelian major clad in Crimson Armor walked in.

"Imperator the Council awaits you to begin the meeting," he said whilst bowing

"Thank you Major you are dismissed," the Emperor said coolly. He floated in his Gravity throne (Similar to the command chair aboard his flagship) onto the podium in the Center of the huge chamber. To the left of the Chamber there were Unggoy dressed in White robes that covered from their tiny feet all the way down to their toes. And Lekgolo who unlike their Mgalekgolo brethren were covered in similar white robes but the worms had formed mouths that could speak dialect; Aristocrat Lekgolo. Then you had mighty Sangheli occupied the right side of the Chamber all wearing headdresses similar to the ones that he wore when he was a Councilor, somewhere mixed in was the Human Spartan commander who had been asked to join on behalf of the Humans. The Chamber stood on the center of the seven spires of Yermo which stood over 500 stories each. The temple itself stood in the Center of Sanghelios' capital city of Sora which occupied the entire continent of Yermo. Over four billion of Sanghelios' 8+ billion occupied this area. Most of Sanghelios' residences were out fighting on distant worlds; when not in war Sanghelios' population rises to over 15 billion.

"Welcome my brothers to the first official Sanghelian High Council. As of right now I wish to get straight to the point of this meeting; Sanghelios the capitol of our new Republic is soon to be under siege of a massive Jiralhanae armada. When our scout ships last tracked this armada they found that over 8,000 warships encompassed this armada..."

As soon as Sora said this the Council began to become restless. The fact that 8,000 ships; the largest Covenant or Sanghelian fleet ever assembled was bearing down upon them was troubling to even the most skilled Sanghelian tacticians in the fleet.

"How can we defend against that!" an anxious Unggoy Councilor blurted out.

"The answer is quite simple, Sanghelios normally has a defensive armada of 500 stationed above it at all times. However, I predicting the Jiralhanae's betrayal summoned all ships under my command to make all due speed to Sanghelios. So now we have 2,000 ships in orbit including four Hierophant-Class battle stations. Now the advantage in the stations is its shielding can take a full collision with a moon-sized asteroid and its shields would still hold. As a result our fleet could take cover behind them and use them as shields and whilst the enemy fleet is recharging take them out. But eventually even the Jiralhanae won't be thick enough to maintain those tactics and will result to broadside; where we have the advantage as long as we thin their numbers first. But, fear not brothers we have the real God at our sides and with His blessings we shall be victorious!" the mighty

commander roared out( They had adopted the Human catholic faith after the Human Spartan told him of the many that was the one they accepted). This was responded to with a roar of approval from all of the Council.

\* \* \*

>The bridge of the Supercarrier<em> Fist of Truth<em> cruised through Slipspace with its escorting 8,000 ships. This warship was a gift from the Prophets to its commander the Alpha Jiralhanae Chieftain Brutus. His Golden Armor topped with a V-Shaped helmet with four spikes on each side. Unlike most Chieftains who held the gravity hammer but ranked less than the Golden Armored ones Brutus donned the Heavy and Stronger shielded golden Armor but also possessed a shield similar to the one Tartarus himself possessed. Now the fleet was his to command as was the entire Jiralhanae race as Alpha Chieftain.

The Minister of Reclamation who had been declared a Hierarch( along with another who stayed on Doisac) by Truth with the death of Regret and Mercy floated in his ornate gravity chair. He now took his nickname the Prophet of Objection and made it into his true name.

"What is the status of the fleet Chieftain?" the newly crowned Hierarch questioned.

"We are preparing to exit Slipspace soon Noble Hierarch," the Chieftain said humbly.

"Have you chosen those who are to lead the invasion?" he inquired

" Yes, Holy one my Seven of my finest Chieftains will assault the Sanghelian mountain city whilst we take the skies," the Jiralhanae smirked at the thought of the once arrogant and proud Sangheli bowing to him and becoming his race's personal slaves before the Journey came and cleansed their putrid race from the galaxy as those loyal to the Prophets started the Great Journey, "Sanghelios' measly 500 ships will stand no chance against our fleet. Once their capitol burns the Heretics will become our slaves."

"Good, I have no interest in prisoners Chieftain; only one ship will be permitted to escape; a witness to their demise," the arrogant San 'Shyuum sneered.

\* \* \*

>The Sanghelian Fleet of Honorable Defense all formed up and prepared to Defend the Sanghelian Homeworld. In the center of it all was the Imperator's Flagship the Supercarrier <em>Honorable Demise<em> their were four Supercarriers that lead each of the four subdivisions of fleets. The enormous defensive fleet was made up of 20 Assault Carriers and hundreds of Carriers, Destroyers and CCS-Class battlecruisers. Aboard the flagship everyone was running around with all of their designated tasks. At the center of it all a single Sangheli; Imperator Sora 'Vran Rumil sat on his command chair barking orders to the ship and fleet commanders. But was also ordering assignments to his own shipmates.

"Excellency we have a transmission from Ship Master Rtas 'Vadum," the communication officer barked.

"Put it through on main view screen, Fleet Master Necra 'Relcram verify authorization codes of 'Vadum," Sora barked.

"Yes excellency IFF confirmed."

The image of the Half-Jaw commander clad in pristine White Armor. Two of his four mandibles were missing; a scar from a previous campaign.

"Hail, noble Imperator; Lord of Sanghelios," the Ship Master bowed, "I am hear to report on the Flood CCS-class battlecruiser has been destroyed. But my lord High Charity has fallen. The once proud city is now a wretched hive. Our fleet has quarantined the entire sector and glassed Instillation 05 to contain the infestation. After we tracked the Flood ship to the Human Homeworld we found the infestation had spread. I would have glassed the entire planet but the Arbiter ordered me otherwise. So I destroyed half of their South-Eastern Continent so that the Flood contamination was contained. As of now I am pursuing the remnants of the Prophet of Truth's fleet. There were hundreds of Warships at first but only about thirty are left."

"Are there any Humans aboard the Shadow of Intent that I can talk to Rtas?" 'Rumil inquired.

"Yes excellency the Human's leader wished to stay with his Homeworld to mop up the remaining Covenant forces but we have word that a Flood Army lead by the Gravemind has used an Assault Carrier to power High Charity instead of the Dreadnought. Its on its way to the Human Homeworld. I've vectored the more ships to this 'Earth'. They will ensure the flood does not spread farther. But, on the matter of the Human Commander I have with me Commander Keezzz. Who's ship is docked in \_Shadow of Intent's \_main Hangar bay."

A young human female human walked up to the view screen as the Sangheli stepped back.

"You wished to speak with me," the feisty human said curtly. Clearly she had no clue who she was speaking to. Before she could finish 'Vadum whispered something in her ear which made her improve her form, "I apologize Imperator what is it that you wished to discuss with me."

"We wish to tell you that Spartan-199 and his ship the\_ Sparta\_ has been successfully recovered by my fleet. As soon as Sanghelios is successfully defended we will send them back to you. But as of now I need every ship hear at Sanghelios we have a fleet of 8,000 ships bearing down upon us."

"Affirmative, I'll tell Lord Hood when I get back and should anything happen to me the Ship Master will tell him."

"Very well 'Rumil out."

Just as the transmission ended Eradar entered the room he bowed to the Imperator; his father.

"Rise my son," he said.

"Thank you Father, may I asked why you have summoned me?" Eradar inquired.

"Yes Councilor Xytan 'Jar Wattinr asked that you lead the defense of Sora."

"They want me to be your bodyguard?" Eradar mused

"Stay on task Eradar you are a Supreme Commander now speaking of which why are you not wearing the traditional violet robes of the Supreme Commander?"

"Well since I'm leading the Ground campaign I won't need it."

"Now you know Sora isn't..."

The alarms on the blared loudly as a single Supercarrier emerged from Slipspace, and made a charge for Sanghelios. But, then 8,000 warships exited Slipspace with it at the Center.

"Shit! All ships battle formations defend Sanghelios with your lives!" Sora barked.

The Sanghelian fleet hastily took cover behind their assigned Command stations. The Brutes fleet's fire looked more like a continuous wall of plasma rather than individual ones. They had no way to penetrate Sanghelios' personal shield accept by invasion. This is why countless Phantom Dropships descended through the skies towards Sora.

Chieftain Lerudus stood in his personal Phantom. He and his fellow Chieftains along with all other warriors in the Phantoms looked in awe as the two massive fleets engaged each other. The Brute ships a blueish color; and the Sangheli's plane white colors. He looked down towards his target; the Sector of the City that spanned over a natural trench. This bridge city was to become the forward command post; a marshaling point for the Jiralhanae and Kig-Yar invasion.

He felt the turbulence of the dropship tearing through the atmosphere then the Dropship's side platforms dropped open. Two Unggoy put magnetized Plasma cannons their for Anti-Air guns. Sanghelios was beautiful the Architecturally designed bridge that the City sat on consisted of multiple archways.

\* \* \*

>"Chieftain the Sangheli have strong Anti-Air here. Take a squadron of Yanme'e to the guns and disable them so we may land a larger force." a Jiralhanae barked over the Comm."<p><p>

As he landed along with 100 other Phantoms over 1000 Jiralhanae and Kig-Yar stormed towards the huge turret emplacement. As he ran through the maze of buildings; ranging from small marketplaces to huge structures several kilometers high. Some of the minor Jiralhanae stared up in awe when a sniper shot whizzed through the skies. One of the unsuspecting minors head had a perfectly round hole in his head; he was dead before he hit the ground. Several other Jiralhanae fell victim to the Sangheli marksmen.

"COVER NOW!" the Chieftain barked as a thin blue beam sliced the air

a mere millimeter from his helmet. He signaled Kig-Yar snipers to clear them out. And after several other Jiralhanae falling the Sangheli were slain and now hung from the windows of their sniping positions. Lerudus and his battalion ran through the streets again when they heard the distinctive sound of a Scarab. He ordered his troops into any of the buildings to hide but some unfortunate souls were literally disintegrated by the Scarab's main gun. But Lerudus never saw the Scarab he just proceeded further through the streets to his objective. After walking through the higher levels of the City that connected the skyscrapers together. But these upper streets unlike the ones on the ground had little to no cover. Perfect for snipers to mow down a few hundred unsuspecting warriors who have no mobility and are moving in columns.

"LOOK SHARP!" The braggart commander barked loudly; pointing at the positions he wanted covered. But remarkably when they crossed none of his Jiralhanae fell. It seemed like the place was empty. But just as he thought that two bright blue specks began to descend from the heavens. Before the Chieftain could say anything Fuel Rod bursts and Plasma cannons opened fire. And as they broke ranks Sanghelian Jet troops descended and pumped plasma into his ranks. By the time they had managed to scramble inside over 300 Jiralhanae had fallen and their scorched bodies now lay across the open bridge.

"What now Chieftain? It is still 10km until we reach our target and the Sangheli outmatch us," a worried Jiralhanae Captain questioned.

"WE WILL FIGHT TO THE LAST!" he barked. The Captain fearing his commander's vengeance did not attempt to question him any more.

They had decided that though the High streets were subject to ambush it was better than facing the Scarab tanks that surely awaited them. Just then a Phantom Dropship that had managed to break the Blockade appeared.

"Chieftain we will distract them; make them think you evacuated whilst we do that make a run for the Gun. Hear you and a Captain take the Choppers stored," the pilot barked.

He chose the one who had doubted him before; a Jiralhanae by the name of Relicus. They boarded the Choppers and descended to the mid-Level of the City. And as they were riding the Phantom was destroyed by about five Banshees which then went about their patrol of the City. But as they were passing over the Level they found a Scarab patrolling only one Level Below them. They jumped onto the top of the Silver vehicle. When the Choppers made contact with the Walker they disembarked sending their vehicles into down to the City streets.

Lerudus jumped down and bashed in a Minor Sangheli's skull with his hammer. He did this again and again until Sangheli Major domo and Minor domo corpses scattered the deck. He rushed the Command area killing the Unggoy down in the room with ease but two Major and a single Ultra Sangheli bearing a single terrible Energy Sword. While the Chieftain killed the two minors Relicus fell to the Ultra being run through with its sword. It was about to decapitate Lerudus himself when he turned on his invincibility blocking the blow. Then he knocked the Sangheli back with a single mighty swing of his hammer. This depleted the Sangheli's shields but he was still alive.

But, before the Sangheli recovered he crushed its skull with a single mighty blow. The Sangheli took vengeance though he through his sword in a last desperate effort giving Lerudus a nasty scar across his left cheek. However, now he had a Scarab at his command and could destroy the anti-air gun keeping his forces from landing.

\* \* \*

>The Emperor's ship had been boarded; Eradar and Necra both now lead the defense of the ship. But there was something unique about the forces they had under their command; 300 Honor Guards who were assigned to protect the Emperor himself. They swept through and guarded key points in the ship's vast interior. This included a small City-like area that spanned the inside of the stern. It was relatively easy to kill off the Jiralhanae. But being that they had not attempted to attack the reactor, coupled with the fact that Eradar and Necra had not scene any Jiralhanae above the Minor rank they figured that their primary objective was the Emperor himself.<p><p>

"Honor Guards to the Command Deck! And bring the Helios as well," Eradar said.

They both diced two Jiralhanae in half with their blades and then Jumped onto the nearest Phantom.

The Emperor was locked in a duel between himself and a Jiralhanae Chieftain. He bore only one of his Energy Swords and no Energy Shield; a sign that he was not taking his opponent seriously.

"Fire the fore projectors two through sixteen!" he barked as he dodged a swing of the Chieftain. Just as he did this he diced the beasts two legs off jumped in the air and finished him off with a stab through the chest; Hanja his most revered sword technique in all of Sanghelios. His four Honor Guards took on two of their Brute counterparts each, "Good work guards but the battle is far from over. Eradar get to the Planet's surface now the defense is crumbling, and Field Master Rela 'Karosamee is struggling to keep the Continent in our grasp. I'll brief you on your mission on your way down. I have a Phantom with Seraph Escorts awaiting you."

"Of coarse Emperor I will do as you command but take heed that the Jiralhanae's target has nothing to do with this ship its you, father," Eradar responded on his comm.

On the main view screen the image of a Jiralhanae column heading towards the bridge appeared on the personal view screen of the upper level of the Ship's Commands Center. But he had a plan to take them all out at once.

"Now vent the air in that hallway just make sure no Sangheli are in the vicinity," Sora said.

The image of the Jiralhanae suddenly suffocating to death some how entertained Sora briefly before he realized two blue Jiralhanae Assault Carriers were bearing down upon them.

"BROADSIDE! Prepare point lasers!" he barked. The Jiralhanae didn't have that bad of a strategy to direct all efforts on distracting him from the ships bearing down. Then make the Honorable Demise a huge

floating clump in Space. After all the commander of the Ship had to order the crew they were not permitted to make their own personal decisions. The Assault Carriers opened up and the Imperator's ship did the same as the ships tore at each other's shields but the mighty Supercarrier combined with the Councilor's better knowledge of Ship classes and their capabilities enabled him to sent the two ships to a fiery grave as their engines failed and they plunged into Sanghelios' atmosphere. But as this happened more Jiralhanae ships tried to slip through. One actually made it; a CCS-class the rest; a good 100 warships were incinerated by 2000 ships continuous fire, "Eradar, the Bridge City in the Yuta region has fallen. The Brutes own that sector now. A Cruiser of theirs just landed in that vicinity. Your mission is two fold for one do not let them take the Temple of the Arbiter that is were the Council is held up and the Shield Generator is located, your second objective is to take back the bridge city of Mygeeto as soon as you have secured the inner sectors."

A green status light winked on as the Eradar confirmed his objectives.

Chieftain Lerudus stared at the CCS-Class battlecruiser landing atop what used to be the enemy Anti-Air gun. So far the Operation was a success. They had met their objectives and now they had a whole army ready for mobilization. He could tell that the Sangheli were not going to just let their Homeworld be taken. It cost over 900 lives to secure an insignificant section of the planet; he was the last of the advance force. His thoughts were interrupted when a turn coat Unggoy walked up to him.

"Chieftain, Alpha Chieftain demands you make contact with him!" the creature barked.

"Very well," the Chieftain said as two Covenant Banshees swooped by.

"VERY WELL DONE LERUDUS!" Brutus barked over the comm to a bowing Lerudus.

"Thank you my lord," Lerudus said, "The invasion will begin as planned soon the Sanghelios shall be ours."

"Indeed it shall if you value your life, continue your good efforts failed and you will not live to see the Journey," Brutus warned

"Yes my lord it shall be done."

\* \* \*

>Eradar looked on in amazement at the sheer size of the Temple of the Arbiter. The Sangheli destroyed a mountain; and <em>made<em> it into a Mesa. From that they constructed a Temple higher than the Mountain that once laid there. As Fleet Master Eradar walked through the room of 193 fountains; one for every Arbiter he noticed the Grandeur of the Atrium. For one you could fit two Covenant destroyers length wise within it also the Entire structure was crafted from the finest marble in the galaxy. Eradar felt like some child in the Museum of the Sangheli on their first trip. But then he realized that the Jiralhanae endangered all of that and if the armed forces didn't stop them no Sanghelian; no, no child of any "Separatist" would see the light of day just the cold darkness of the mines they would have to



work for the advance of Jiralhanae industry. He then turned to his Major domo escort.

"Take me to the command center," he ordered.

The Major complied without hesitation. On the very peak of one of the six towers that surrounded the central Council Chamber was the Control for Sanghelios' defenses. In the center of the room stood the recently elected High Councilor Xytan 'Vran Wattinr. He had been advising the fleet of what tactical decisions to make and had taken command of the ground op when the incompetent Field Master who lost Mygeeto.

"Excellency Supreme Commander Eradar Rumil reporting for combat duty," Eradar said pounding his chest; the traditional Sangheli salute.

The Councilor returned the salute. He took his father's place on the High Council after Sora was promoted to the rank of Imperator. When he stood next to Eradar it became clear how tall the Sangheli really was. Without his Councilor helm Xytan stood at over 11  $\frac{1}{2}$  feet tall. With the helm added he stood at over 15 feet. Even Sora's father who was 9ft flat looked short in comparison.

"Things aren't looking too well," the Councilor started, "the Fleet has managed to hold off the Jiralhanae fairly well in space. But, they have managed to land a few Cruisers one of which reinforced the Bridge city it was at that point where I took the place of Field Master Sacra 'Menrah. Now by no means do I mean it was his fault it was just he was not used to directing such a large engagement. I've sent his Army to defend the inner districts being they still have quite the reputation. Now hear is where you come in as you know we the Jiralhanae have landed in many different areas and via orbital drop deployed a floating base in the Sea of Conflict; near the coastal regions of Yermo. And as a result it is the main source of Air support if they chose to attack command. I want you to take an Apparition and lead an air assault coupled with a ground legion."

"I will leave immediately excellency," Eradar said. After which he went to the hangars to get into the command version of the Banshee; the Apparition. It was armed with four Plasma Cannons and two Fuel Rod Guns with heat seekers. It also had four wings instead of the normal two of Banshees. Major domo Sangheli brought the Jet black aircraft to the deck of the hangar bay. Also on the sides of two of the wings were pods with automated seeking drones armed with a single plasma cannon. They could also be manually controlled. With that he boarded the jet black aircraft which joined up with the Green Phantoms and Banshees. Eradar at the lead.

\* \* \*

>Chieftain Relucus stared into the sunset of Sanghelios night was approaching quickly. In the command room of the building he could see every aspect of the base; every aircraft take off and land. He saw his Banshees launching into the dimly lit sky for their night patrol.<p><p>

"Chieftain, I am here to relieve you; take a break you have been at it for two Units," Captain Ultra Terebus said. His Cyan armor slowly becoming black; reflecting the darkness creeping into the

evening.

"Thank you Captain you are in command alert me should anything arrive," he said. His black armor now almost blending into the night. Only the hints of red really showing in the light. But just as the thoughts of nights on Doisac were flashing through the night he heard the distinctive sounds of Banshees. 'Strange they are off of patrol routes' he thought but he looked in the air and saw nothing. The Chieftain's blamed his age and went on to his quarters.

\* \* \*

>Eradar was quite pleased with the brilliance of his father for putting cloaking devices on all Sangheli ships. His Banshees and Phantoms were scouting the bases perimeter, defenses. And had figured that the better strategist the Chieftain would be asleep at this time. And most of the Aircraft would be farther away from the base.<p><p>

The White Armored Ultra Erka 'Witakr awaited his signal to begin the infiltration. If they were lucky it would require a small Squad of SpecOps to destroy the base. Eradar flashed his light green signaling 'Witakr to begin the assault. As his invisible Phantom descended and he along with his best SpecOps Sangheli began the slow infiltration of the base. The first was to take out the Chieftain. As he moved into the Jiralhanae's sleeping quarters he moved to the Chieftain's relatively lavish suite and walked to his bed. Silently and swiftly Erka drew his blade and decapitated the beast before he could grab his hammer and strike back. Instead Erka took the hammer and put it on his back as a Trophy as it vanished as the camouflage took effect once more.

"Chieftain dead we have uploaded the specs of this base to your Apparition," Erka whispered on his comm.

"Affirmative attacking the command deck now," Eradar said as he and his escort Banshees unloaded Fuel Rod shells into the Command deck killing the Command staff and decapitating their leadership. The now confused ranks were gunned down mercilessly as more Sangheli landed on the base. They proceeded to putting an Antimatter charge onto the main reactor and set it for thirty minutes. And as the Aerial forces mopped up last pickets of Jiralhanae resistance the rest of the Sangheli retreated onto their Phantoms; back into camouflage and back to the Temple. And in a half an hour the Jiralhanae base detonated in a spectacular blue explosion.

"Not bad squadron I saw that explosion from orbit. Your actions are boosting the morale of the fleet good job son. And well done to Commander 'Witakr; you are on your way to a promotion if you continue to perform like that," Imperator 'Rumil said over the comm.

His assessment couldn't have been more right the entire Jiralhanae base was wiped out at the cost of now Sanghelian lives. This made it clear the Defenders of Sanghelios were not going to give them a victory. If they wanted it they would need to take it from their cold dead hands. And that was what every Jiralhanae couldn't have desired more. The greatest battle in the Great Schism, the Covenant Civil War; the Battle for Sanghelios had begun.

\* \* \*

>I think one of the better of my works if I do say so myself. I hope this pleases you guys sry it took so long to type. TYVM for the reviews I hope you enjoyed it.<p><p>

Councilor Sora

## 5. Light of Sanghelios

Halo: The Defense of Sanghelios

Chapter 4:\_The Light of Sanghelios\_

Aboard the Supercarrier \_Honorable Demise\_

9th Age of Reclamation

The Battle of Sanghelios had escalated into a full fledged melee; ships were engaging in broadsides coming within a few meters of each other. In the epicenter of the Sanghelian fleet was the Emperor's flagship the \_Honorable Demise.\_ But even here the Jiralhanae fought tooth and nail to attack break through the Sangheli's lines.

"Excellency the Spartans wish to have an audience with you," Major Quano 'Attinree said as he entered the bridge of the Supercarrier.

"Bring them in! Wattinr take command of the fleet till I am finished speaking with them," the Emperor grumbled.

As his chair spun on an invisible axis to face the Spartans he noticed that now all four of the Spartan-IIs were there but the younger ones were conspicuously missing; obviously tending their ship the \_Sparta\_ which was docked in the Supercarrier's hangar.

"You requested to see me Spartans?" the Emperor leaned forward in his thrown anxiously.

"Well, Emperor we have decided that we can no longer just sit here and wait for our fates to be handed to us. We Spartans have never been ones for space combat. One of us owes you his life from Conquest..."

As their leader Rob spoke the Emperor remembered the duel he had with the Spartan who went by the name of Rick. He had diced the warrior's arm off and defeated him in single combat with relative ease. However, instead of killing him he kept him alive so that he could be used to activate the Atlas. Most Sangheli regardless of orders would have diced off the Demon's head then and there and mounted it upon their wall. 'A fine trophy that would have been' the Emperor had once thought but now such thoughts were out of the question the Spartans were honorable warriors not game to be hunted down for trophies and food.

"I shall grant this, but know this; the battle on Sanghelios is more fierce than the one in orbit. Watch yourselves. I shall have a Battlecruiser cover your entrance into the atmosphere. When you have made it through go towards the Temple of the Arbiter; we have

provided the coordinates for you."

"Thank you, we will defend this world the best we can," Jena said as the Spartans left the control room. 'God be at your wings' Sora thought of an old prayer.

\* \* \*

>Alpha Chieftain Brutus stood at the head of a group of Sangheli prisoners brought from the surface. He grinned as the Jiralhanae brought the Maulers up for the execution. <p>"Heretics, you are dieing under the grounds that you have betrayed the Prophets. Are you prepared," he barked.<p>

"Ha! You fool, you are mistaken on many things. For one you and your hopelessly wrong Prophets betrayed us not the other way around," a gold armored Zealot laughed, "and second, it is you who shall die."

As he said this the Sangheli in the room cut their bonds with concealed Energy Swords. They Jumped up and killed their would be captors. Now Brutus was surrounded by six Sangheli all of Ultra rank and a single Zealot.

"Your days are at and end Brute you and the Prophet of Objection will die hear and now by our hands," the Zealot spat.

Brutus just laughed as he turned on his multi-layer energy shield; similar to the one Tartarus wore. He jumped in the air and hit the ground with such ferocity they all had to jump to avoid losing their balance. Then they all impaled the Chieftain with their Energy swords; or at least thats what should have happened. But instead the shield repelled all of the blades. Brutus just laughed as he swung his hammer wildly at the Sangheli. The Zealot was last to fall he managed to impale the Chieftain when he let his guard down and turned off his shield; thinking the Zealot was dead. But the Brute's armor sealed the wound as he impaled the Zealot on his very own sword. The honorable warrior cursed himself for weakness before passing on. The Prophet of Objection smiled to himself as he saw the final Sangheli die.

"Noble Hierarch we have managed to find a gap in the enemy lines and our forces are pushing towards the Temple of the Arbiter now," Chieftain Lerudus said. His holographic form stood on Objections' left armrest.

"Good,good the Sangheli are losing their grip in space. Though we have lost 1000 warships they have lost just over 300. At this rate we will still have 2000 warships ready to attack the Unggoy Homeworld and the Lekgolo Homeworld," Objection almost could not even control his excitement. At this rate this heresy would be crushed under a single cycle.

\* \* \*

>"Don't let them pass! protect the temple!" Eradar roared as he decapitated a charging Jiralhanae. His ground forces had just finished mopping up a sky street. Many civilians were held up in the building the street led to. No doubt the Jiralhanae wished to have an easy meal. But, what the fools hadn't counted on was the fact that

all Sanghelian citizens had participated in the Military except for the children. <p>A small Sangheli child who stood only half of Eradar's height had managed to wriggle out of his mother's grip. He looked at his golden armor in awe. Eradar feeling kind gave him his helmet as a souvenir. The child bowed; mimicking his older brethren and ran back to his mother who beamed at him.<p>

"Excellency, the Jiralhanae have started to push into the city. The Emperor's ships are being overwhelmed by sheer numbers," his second in command; the White Armored Ultra Erka 'Witakr said, "I must thank you. You gave my family hope particularly my son."

The young Sangheli waved to his father. He beamed back to the child.

"You are relieved of duty Erka," Eradar said.

"Excellency?"

"Take your family to the temple. They will be evacuated to the moon where they will be transferred to a bunker or another planet," Eradar said, "I can take care of the rest of the city. Take my Apparition."

"Thank you"

Just as Erka said this the transport Phantoms came along with multiple Banshee escorts. The small fleet of ships then departed to the docks of the Temple. But the Phantoms carried quite a number of humans he'd never encountered before; along with a single Spartan based on the different smell he could tell this was the female one. The 75 other warriors were shorter and wore armor which looked like stripped down Spartan armor. 'Ah I remember in the briefing now those must be those Spartan-IIIs' Eradar thought. Before he could study the warriors further they were in front of him saluting.

"What are you..."

"We have fallen under the Sanghelian chain of command I have the rank of Ultra. I am under your command Supreme Commander," she said.

"Ah I see you guys couldn't sit by on the command ship either, " Eradar mused.

"..."

"Don't worry I am supposed to be in space commanding my forces but the Emperor; my father sensed my distress and ordered me to the surface to assist the Field Master who has now been relieved by Councilor Xytan 'Vran Wattinr. I'll have my one of my Senior Officers give you a SITREP. We will begin our night op in five units."

"Excuse me sir units?"

"Your human hours. I apologize I will make sure to use your terms when addressing you. Soon the Council might adopt them as well due to our separation. But first we must secure our capitol at all costs," Eradar said, "Get some rest Spartans. I will wake you when the Operation begins."

\* \* \*

>Chieftain Opus stood at the helm of his Assault Carrier; <em>Shadow of Demise.<em> He stared at the landing zone on the main view screen . Countless vehicles including a few Scarabs were deployed all awaiting his command. This was going to be the place where it all would count; the main marshaling point for the Covenant forces on the planet.

"Chieftain, Chieftain Lerudus has reported his division is en route," a Captain Major clad in golden Power Armor said.

"Good," Opus barked. This was a lie he hated Lerudus; who would have overall command of the operation; Lerudus was the Alpha Chieftain's pet Unggoy rat, "Keep me informed"

"Yes Chieftain."

Opus was on edge as was every other Jiralhanae commander. Chieftain Relucus was one of their best tacticians; second only to Brutus himself and yet the Sangheli managed to kill him whilst he was sleeping. The Sangheli dishonored him and he would be the one to kill Sangheli who did this. Not only did this worry them but also the revelation that all Sangheli ships had cloaking now. Sneak attacks would be easy and effective. And without the air support offered by the Relucus squadron this op would be more difficult. But it mattered not the Gods were on their side and they would soon bring Justice to the Galaxy.

\* \* \*

>Commander Erka 'Witakr walked towards the forward command station to the Supreme Commander's personal quarters. As he entered he saw the Spartan Commander. She becoming more accustomed to Sangheli did their traditional salute rather than the Human one; Erka also didn't sense that she wished to take her rifle and end his life like she had done to so many of his brothers; and like he had done to so many humans. Suddenly he felt a huge wave of remorse. The glassings he had taken part of; but he felt worse because instead of human children he pictured burning he saw Sangheli children. His own son and wife huddling in a corner until the Jiralhanae walked in and killed them. That was what he had done to humans <em>'BY THE GODS WHAT HAVE WE DONE'<em> . He felt like weeping until the passing Spartan put her hand on his shoulder and whispered to him.

"We forgive you."

"Erka come," Eradar said, "What troubles you my brother."

"The Humans they seem so kind, I know that they're not all like that, but I cannot help but feel remorse for the families I've killed the planets I've..."

"My brother we all feel the same way. But know this the only way for us to repent for our sins is by living and help them rebuild. That should give you another reason why we must finish this war," Eradar got up from his chair and put his hand on his shoulder, "do not worry go forth the mission is not for another two units."

"I will remain I have slacked off to much Excellency."

"If that is your wish."

"It is," he piped back.

Eradar smiled and walked out to begin to coordinate the attack. Soon the largest ground engagement of the war was about to take place.h

\* \* \*

>"FIRE PLASMA TORPEDOES 34-63!" Sora barked. 10 Jiralhanae warships were destroyed as the Supercarrier unleashed its might upon them. Another five were damaged or had their shields disabled. They were quickly mopped up by one of the battle stations orbiting Sanghelios. The <em>Honorable Demise<em> spun around one of the stations as a wave of plasma seared by destroying four Sanghelian warships who's engines were damaged from a broadside.

"Excellency the Jiralhanae are still pushing their advantage in numbers," Fleet Master Necra 'Relcram, "At this rate more ships will slip through."

"I can see that!" the now irritated Emperor barked. But despite of this he saw that the ground forces would be powerless if the Fleet could not prevent more ships from slipping through. He watched on the screen as a Sanghelian battleship took on three enemy Destroyers; though only 500 meters longer it still managed to destroy all three. Partially because battleships despite their size were armed with over a dozen projectors; and because of Superior tactics.

"Sir 'Wattinr is requesting that the Helios legions be deployed,"Major Quano 'Attinree said.

He hesitated; the Helios; The Light of Sanghelios were the guardians of the temple. Sanghelios' most trained unit except for the Honor Guards. A single one had training equal to that of a Zealot. Over 200,000 were stationed on Sanghelios; only in the most dire situations were they to be released. To release them had to be approved by two thirds of the High Council, the Emperor, or the Arbiter. But the time had come for this to happen Sanghelios was in peril and the Helios Guards would surely add an edge over the enemy. The Jiralhanae would be crushed and forced to withdraw from the ground or risk annihilation.

"Granted," everyone was shocked the Helios had not been released against an enemy in combat since the Prophet-Sangheli war; over 3000 years ago when the same danger of the San 'Shyuum loomed above the Sanghelian Republic.

\* \* \*

>Eradar looked towards the reinforcements coming from the horizon in Phantoms. The fleet of Phantoms requested permission to land; as they did this Eradar stared at the itinerary; another Scarab, multiple Wraith tanks, Ghosts, Spectres and... 'Father must have gotten my request' he thought. 1000 Helios at his command. The Jiralhanae were about to feel the wrath of Sanghelios. <p>The organized in groups of 100 and all saluted him; all clad in their distinctive pearlescent all White armor. Then their commander walked up the Mark of Shame

adorning his shoulder pads. They all wielded Energy Staffs with their unit commanders brandishing dual wielded Energy Swords. But some even had beam rifles strapped to their backs; the Helios' renowned snipers who made Kig-Yar look like small children with weapons. The Commander who brandished not one but two beam rifles, and two Energy swords walked up to Eradar and bowed.<p>

"I am Tter 'Enral, Praetor of the Helios guard," the mighty warrior said with pride. This rank was outside of the jurisdiction of all except the Sangheli High Council. 'Why was he bowing to me?' Eradar thought, "I have been placed under your command Supreme Commander; I am no tactician compared to any of the esteemed 'Rumil family. It is my responsibility as a Guard of the Temple to halt the Jiralhanae hear. But I am a relatively good swordsman and sniper; my warriors have never fallen and neither have I; with your permission I advise we lead the infantry Supreme Commander."

"Granted," Eradar said humbled by Tter's speech, "I am sure that with the Helios at our front none will be able to stop our advance. All forces we're closing shop; prepare for battle."

Throughout every corridor of the makeshift base Sangheli, Unggoy, Hugorak, and Lekgolo were preparing for combat. The Hugorak making sure all of the vehicles were fueled and at maximum operating capacity. Sangheli running for Banshees Wraiths and Spectres some minors boarded their Ghosts as well. But the majority of the Ghosts were piloted by Unggoy. The Lekgolo were waiting to board their Phantoms; and wreak havoc on the enemy lines. Eradar boarded his Apparition and he along with the rest of the Phantoms and Banshees took off and activated their camouflage; disappearing into the night sky.

\* \* \*

>Chieftain Lerudus had demanded much upon his arrival. Perhaps to much in the eyes of his rival the Jiralhanae Chieftain Opus. The operation would begin at dawn. Even if the Sangheli attacked they would still only be able to cripple such a large army. <p>"I am hear to relieve you Opus," Lerudus barked as he entered the bridge. He smelt the anger of his fellow Chieftain, " Something wrong."<p>

Opus knew his place; even if he told the bastard his true intentions it would lead to nothing but divides in the ranks of the Covenant. He suppressed his anger and merely submitted. But soon the time would come when Lerudus would make his error and when it did Opus would strike.

"Of coarse not just still angry about Relucus. You remind me of him slightly," this was a lie Relucus was a particularly large Jiralhanae with the Silver hair that marked greatness. Lerudus lacked this he was young and still had black hair with tufts of Silver sticking through the gaps in his power armor.

"I must thank you for this Chieftain," the naive young Jiralhanae bought into this like a child.

Opus merely lied his way off of the bridge leaving Lerudus dumbfounded but arrogant. Opus smiled; he knew the Sangheli would come soon and when they did Lerudus would die.



"Alright men; neutralize those turrets first then focus on the Artillery so our infantry can move up," Eradar said as he disengaged his Apparition's drones. These two AI controlled mini-fighters that normally acted as extra guns could disengage and engage their own targets; this made this fighter capable of taking on multiple other Banshees at once; the perfect command vehicle. They locked on to two turrets as the Apparition targeted two others. His 300 Banshee squadron followed his example as soon the base's anti-air emplacements were nothing but molten slag. Once that was out the Phantoms proceeded to deploy the first wave of infantry as well as some heavy artillery. Wraiths fired mortar shells into the empty Jiralhanae vehicles. But some Jiralhanae made it to their tanks; enough to begin a large scale battle. In the center of it all the Assault Carrier \_Shadow of Demise\_ which was perched upon a small hill. Eradar stared in awe as he realized that this was a trap. The Jiralhanae knew they couldn't win so they would perform a Slipspace jump; in the Atmosphere. He looked at all of the troops battling the Jiralhanae ground forces; none new what was about to happen.

"Sir should we charge yet?" the voice of Tter came over the comm. Eradar did not know what to say.

"NO, ALL FORCES WITHDRAW THE CARRIER IS MAKING AN ATMOSPHERIC JUMP!" Eradar barked.

All Sangheli commanders could not believe their ears; that the Jiralhanae would pull that. Erka had all troops move back to Phantoms. His bodyguards had to force him into his command Phantom as it disappeared over the battle. All of the Commanders were forced to withdraw with heavy hearts as they knew that the Artillery and Infantry that had already charged were doomed. Eradar looked in horror as a Slipspace rupture appeared off of the ships bow. His Apparition had just made it past the blast radius as an explosion with the power of a high yield nuke went off decimating the Jiralhanae forces stationed on the ground and the Sangheli who were unfortunate enough to be in the blast radius. The Apparition was blasted by the high yield winds and was forced to make a crash landing.

\* \* \*

>"Imperator Slipspace rupture!" the tactical officer barked.  
<p>"Where?" Sora responded.<p>

"This is..."

Sora's question was answered as a large blue ball decimated an area of about 30km in diameter. 'Thats' he thought.

"Verify that location!"

"Yes excellency latitude 122 longitude 65. Its...where Supreme Commander 'Rumilee's op was taking place."

"ARRRRRRRRRRGGGG! Brutus \_will\_ pay for this treachery for taking my son from me. Where is that Assault carrier stationed?," the Emperor's screams stuck fear into all Sangheli on the bridge, "Wattinr take command of the Space battle we're switching up."

The Emperor and his 300 Honor Guards sped towards the besieged

Temple of the Arbiter. Revenge in the Emperor's mind.

\* \* \*

>"Uh, what the hell happened," Eradar climbed from his Apparition his golden Flight armor glistened in the bright sun. He stared around a few Banshee pilots were climbing from similar messes. Even two Helios were in the chaos, " All right lets get to work assess the damage to the city; and repair these Vehicles." <p>"Commander!" a Sangheli Major stood atop a cliff and pointed off of it.<p>

"What is it war..." Eradar stopped mid-sentence as he realized this was no cliff. They were standing on the edge of a 30km wide crater, "By god what have these Brutes done."

Soon the rest of his fellow pilots were standing with him all were shocked and disgusted at the crater that now replaced the Beautiful cityscape. Eradar clenched his fists and knew he had to get back to the temple.

"Repair the Vehicles' comm systems we have to find the base of ops in this sector; the Brutes are going to be looking for survivors," Eradar said. He walked towards his Apparition and started to make repairs.

\* \* \*

>The Emperor looked at the Assault Carrier looming over the city. He would have to take it quickly so that its weapon systems wouldn't charge and destroy the temple. <p>"We're heading in," the pilot said as the Phantoms streamed into the Hangar. The Honor Guards armed with Energy Swords and Staffs proved to be more than a match for the fool Jiralhanae in the hangar. They proceeded to cut through all opposition with ease. The Emperor killing 100 Jiralhanae by the time they got to the upper level of the Hangar. When they reached the top level they made a Beeline for the command center. The Emperor dicing off the heads of any Jiralhanae foolish enough to try and kill him. Even the Stalkers; secret police of the Jiralhanae Chieftains were felled swiftly by Sora's sword; the vengeance of a father. They reached the bridge corridor with relative ease. No Sangheli lives had been lost of the 300 Honor Guards; but over 1000 Jiralhanae now lie; from Minor Jiralhanae to the most elite Captains.<p>

"Chieftain Lerudus, they have breached the last perimeter they are at the door," a captain said. But it was unnecessary as the Emperor kicked the door open and crushed a Jiralhanae beneath it. Blood and entrails spewed upon the floor. Lerudus drew an Energy Sword and prepared to test his knew skills.

"Chieftain in the name of the Sanghelian Council you are under arrest!" Sora barked as he and three other Honor Guards barged in; the rest were securing the main Hangar bay.

Lerudus laughed and barked for his Jiralhanae bodyguards to deal with the Sangheli in the 'Funny helmet'. But Sora jumped into the air and decapitated all four of his opponents in a single spin.

"I'll take it you won't be coming alive, very well I'll end this quickly," as he said this he drew his second blade. He charged towards he Chieftain; slicing the beast's blade handle in half. The

Jiralhanae grabbed his hammer from his back and blocked the second blow. The Chieftain flinched at the ferocious elegance the Councilor's form used; Form IV Ataru the form that uses flashy jumps and acrobatics to duel. The Chieftain saw an opening in the Councilor's form swinging his hammer at the Sangheli's head. But the Sangheli ducked, plunged one blade into the beast's chest. Lerudus roared in pain he knew his death was near. So he ran like a coward off the bridge. The Emperor let him run from fear; for he knew that the Hierarch would do far worse to him for failing an running away.

\* \* \*

>Chieftain Opus was on his way to the hangar when he came across Lerudus scrambling on the floor an Energy Sword plunged into his chest. It must have just missed his heart. <p>"Ah Opus praise the gods please help me," Lerudus begged.<p>

Opus smiled he grabbed Lerudus by the neck and hefted him off of the ground. He pulled his serrated Honor Blade from his thigh holster and whispered to Lerudus.

"Ah alas the coward shows his true colors."

"What are you..."

"You are similar to Relucus in the way that you shall die an unfortunately time death," Opus laughed bitterly. Lerudus watched in horror as Opus plunged the blade into his innards and ripped it out spewing his intestines on the floor.

"Opus...you Bastard..."

"Damn straight!" Opus croaked as he threw Lerudus to the floor and smashed his head against the hard floor. His head split open spewing brain and fragments of skull onto the floor, "Looks like I will be second in command once more."

Opus chuckled as he holstered his Honor Blade and jumped into a nearby Phantom with his Jiralhanae guards.

\* \* \*

>"Emperor my lord!" one of his Honor Guard Ultras said, "The ship is secure all of the Jiralhanae have all died. We suffered no deaths but three Sangheli were injured." <p>A marvelous spectacular victory for the Sanghelian history no doubt. The Jiralhanae offensive would be severely crippled by the loss of their forward command center. The Sangheli would benefit being that the vessel contained multiple Scarab tanks, Artillery, and Light Reconnaissance vehicles. All of which couldn't bolster the spirits of the Emperor. Not only was his son taken from him but he couldn't even give him a proper burial.<p>

"Drop the vehicles and then we'll bring a crew aboard this ship; and we'll bring this ship to the Space front," 'Rumilee said.

The image of Xytan 'Jar Wattinr appeared on the central view screen his mandibles open for slack; he must have just received some good news.

"Excellency it is my Honor to say that we have found the remains of Eradar's squadron! Commander 'Witakr has provided the approximate location. The Helios legion might have survived as well."

Such good news this was an entire Helios division saved and not to mention the relief of the Emperor's grief.

"Send flights of Phantoms bring them to the temple. I want them briefed and well rested within 12 units! Have Commander Witakr lead the op."

The Sangheli on the bridge went on with their work as their leader left to his Phantom dropship; he had to resume his duties as commander of the fleet.

\* \* \*

>Eradar stared into the sky the it was blanketed by the Jiralhanae and Sangheli warships. Just then he heard a Jiralhanae warship slip in he turned just in time to see in travel at maximum velocity into the horizon. <p>His comm crackled to life suddenly.<p>

"Roger that I have visual on Supreme Commander 'Rumil and his unit, a cruiser just slipped in its headed towards the Temple plaza."

Tter and his 1000 Helios had never expressed such emotion( they were trained to compress them at a young age) until they witnessed the miracle of their rescue. Green Phantom Dropships emerged from their cover Sangheli rescue parties hopping out.

"Excellency are you or any of your troops wounded," the commanding Major domo said.

"None of my Helios require attention, but the surviving pilots have some wounds from crashes," Tter said.

"Commander 'Witakr is handling that my lord he will handle Lord Eradar and his escorts we need you and your men loaded into the Phantoms ASAP," the Major said.

Tter and his men orderly proceeded into their assigned Dropships. Eradar had to direct his wounded into the Medical station very few had serious wounds that needed immediate treatment. Then he boarded the command Phantom with Erka who smiled at him.

"My lord we have him!" Erka said over the comm to the Emperor himself. He then directed his attention to Eradar, "Excellency I will brief you on the situation. The enemy is assaulting the temple plaza. After the Assault Carrier made its atmospheric jump it headed straight for the Temple. Fortunately the Emperor himself came from orbit and took the Assault Carrier with only 300 Honor Guards. But the Jiralhanae were relentless they had already deployed troops to the surface. Now they are using three cruisers as the center of their military forces."

"What about the Spartans?"Eradar asked quizzically.

"They were one of the Phantoms that made it out of the blast radius in time they are currently holding the eastern front. You should get

some rest at the base."

As much as he didn't like it Eradar knew he had to take some rest he and his men were exhausted from this whole ordeal.

\* \* \*

>Spartan II Rick-134 fired his Battle Rifle nonstop at the oncoming Brute mob. Their seemed to be no end to them, the only silver lining is none of his Spartans had been hurt. A Sangheli clad in Gold Armor barked orders at the Unggoy gunners. The Sangheli all picked up the turrets; ripped them from their holds and started gunning. The Zealot himself led the charge. He cut into the Jiralhanae's lines with relative ease. The plan seemed to be working until a Jiralhanae Chieftain came out of the carnage. He grabbed a Sangheli Ultra by the neck and impaled him on a Plasma coated blade. It seemed to stop at the Ultra's enhanced shields but was penetrated by the Chieftains brute strength. 'Shit' he thought as the Beast grabbed a Plasma Turret from its mound and opened fire into the Sangheli's left flank. The Jiralhanae(some berserking) charged forward into the Sanghelian lines. Some of his Spartan-IIIs were caught in the mess. Seeing them fall awakened something in him a huge overflowing anger. But, before he could charge into the enemy Jena-133 grabbed; she was assisted by Dane-017. <p>"RETREAT FALL BACK!" the Field Master barked when they had fallen back to a safe distance he said over the comm, "This is Field Master Ure 'Talok we are being over run Seraphs begin attack fire at will."<p>

Twin tear drop Seraphs soared over the Bridge-Street. They fired pulse lasers into the enemy ranks decimating them. The enemy was decimated but continued to charge. The Brute Chieftain looked seemingly un-phased as he discarded the turret and grabbed his Hammer. He roared a battle cry and rushed forward bashing away even other Jiralhanae who got in his way. The Zealot drew his Energy Shield in anticipation; this fooled the Jiralhanae into thinking he was afraid. He fell right into the trap.

"Snipers!" the Gold armored commander barked.

Beam Rifle shots tore into the Red armored Jiralhanae. He activated his Invincibility and even as his remaining troops were mowed down in a hail of fire he marched forward Jumping and swinging his hammer down with all of his might. The Zealot blocked with Sword and Shield. Shield being shattered. Ure grabbed a second Energy sword and jumped. He diced the Chieftain's arm off ran him through with his free blade, grabbed the Hammer mid-air and sent the Chieftain flying to a painful end.

Rob put his hand on the Commander's shoulders and praised him.

"Not bad Ure I couldn't have done better myself."

"Damn curved!" the Sangheli struggled with the human analogies.

"Uh its 'damned straight'," Dane corrected him trying to hold back laughter.

"Oh sorry," Ure said slightly embarrassed.

"Field Master, the Emperor is briefing the Sanghelian defense

forces about the Situation," Ultra Rthro 'Karom said.

\* \* \*

>In the command center on the Center screen the image of Sora 'Xran Rumil stood 9ft tall slightly more than the rest of his Sangheli attendants. <p>"Earlier today a Jiralhanae Assault Carrier decimated the city region of Sarom. Though because of our armed forces no civilians were killed our army and theirs alike were decimated by this act of cowardice. I am hear to say the Chieftain responsible; one who is at the top of our wanted list, a confirmed Jiralhanae councilor Lerudus is dead. But I'd like to say that though I bested him in combat he ran away in cowardice when he was then brutally mauled and killed by his fellow Jiralhanae Chieftain; Councilor Opus," the image of Opus stabbing Lerudus with his Honor blade and then crushing his skull, "my brothers I show you this to show how barbaric our foes are. We must not lose to them or this type of treatment will be common place. Will we allow our species to be annihilated by a group of vile disloyal beasts who would kill their own at the slightest hint of a promotion NO! I will not let my grandchildren to face slavery under the Jiralhanae until the 'Great Journey'(Sora spat this with disgust) comes and sweeps the galaxy clean of life. My brothers <em>we<em> are the Light of Sanghelios and it is we who will in the end prevail. If we are to die hear then let them remember us forever in their murals. They will see the flash of our cannons and blades and they will know soldiers who died not for any empire but for their freedom and the freedom of their offspring!"

Everyone in the base applauded as the mighty leader left the Council chambers and departed for his command ship.

\* \* \*

>"Chieftain Opus, I was going to have you executed for failure but now I see the error was Lerudus' not yours. You were right to give him a painful death and so you will be rewarded," the Prophet of Objection said. Brutus brought forth new Golden Armor; similar to that of Brutus', "You shall be Brutus' right hand; the Jiralhanae equivalent of an Arbiter." <p>Opus bowed and left the chambers but before he could do so the Prophet spoke one more chilling line that would stick with him as long as he lived.<p>

"Oh and Opus, do not fail us. Remember the price of failure," the Prophet said as he held up Opus' fathers head. Opus' pupils dilated; his father had dishonored his family and the sight of him again even in death gave him a woozy feeling in his bowels. He meagerly nodded his head partly to make sure it was still on his shoulders and to assure the Prophet of his loyalties.

"My lord what shall we do now?" Brutus asked.

"We wait for the reinforcements from Doisac," the Prophet said. He knew it was the right decision to choose the Jiralhanae over the Sangheli. After all the Sangheli would never put more efforts on the attack of than towards the defense of their Homeworld. The San 'Shyuum smiled soon Sanghelios would be glassed and the other enemy worlds would surely fall to other fleets as well.

\* \* \*

>"So we need to hit these three cruisers and the Jiralhanae's hold on the outer regions will fall," Councilor Xytan 'Vran Wattinr said.  
<p>"So how do we get near them the Jiralhanae have set up shields around each cruiser," Commander 'Witakr inquired.<p>

"They are using the City's and their own cruisers' power to set up perimeter shields using Forerunner towers excavated and dropped from orbit. We know nothing of this tech only that if all three shield generators are deactivated we can commence the assault on the enemy marshaling points," Wattinr barked.

"So nine towers in all and then we stream towards their cruisers before they can reconfigure their power systems."

"Precisely in order to instruct you how to deactivate these towers I've brought in the Human construct Karina."

The image of a holographic human cloaked in a beautiful golden dress appeared.

"About time! I've been listening to your little speech and I think the Councilor's got it just right. In order to not harm the City itself I've made a self-destruct program which will kill the AI that controls the power control. Without those the towers won't be able to run properly," the Genius AI said.

"Each of you will lead a strike on the enemy. The assault will be composed of Helios and Spartans. Standard infantry will move in once the shields have been deactivated. Then you will take the cruisers by force."

\* \* \*

>Thank you for the reviews and plz continue to do so <div>

## 6. Fist of Truth

\_Halo:The Defense of Sanghelios\_

\_Chapter 5: The Fists of Truth\_

Covenant Supercarrier Fist of Truth

1st Age of Judgment

"BLOW THEM OUT OF THE STARS!" Brutus barked.

The\_Fist of Truth\_ was attempting to slice the Emperor's ship in half with its Energy Projectors. But the Emperor was too skilled a Ship Master and strategically took cover behind ships with full shields. 'What in the name of the forerunners are they doing' Brutus said as he saw the Supercarrier take cover behind the ship's moon; which bristled with urban sprawl across its surface; Suban. Brutus laughed 'Does he think we would hesitate to burn that world.'

"Fire all weapons."

The Covenant flagship discharged all of its weapons; hundreds of

Pulse Lasers, Plasma Torpedoes; and a few dozen Energy Projectors. All of which could shatter Suban in a single discharge but a powerful shield protected it.

Honorable Demise then passed around the moon.

"SHIT! Evasive maneuvers," Brutus barked

\* \* \*

>"FIRE!" Sora said. Within a flash his ship's Energy Projectors discharged towards the Jiralhanae flagship. They took out the ship's energy shields in a flash he prepared to finish off the ship and all of the enemy fleet's commanders when two Assault Carriers and over thirty battlecruisers formed up and prepared to attack *Honorable Demise.*

"Sir?" the Necra asked.

"Turn 180 degrees face the enemy Battlegroup and prepare to fire."

Sora knew that the enemy Supercarrier was less of a treat being that they had to restore shields and they had discharged all of their weapons trying to penetrate the Umbrella of the Forerunners; a powerful forerunner shield that the Sangheli never showed even to the Prophets.

"Try and get some ships to help us our projectors aren't fully charged," Sora said.

He watched as 9 CCS-class battlecruisers formed up on his Supercarrier's flanks; they began to take on the enemy warships. His Supercarrier was gutting one of the Assault Carriers and about twenty Cruisers the remaining ships battled in even 1 to 1 fights. Hear the Sangheli had the advantage as one Sangheli ship was worth three of the Jiralhanae warships of the same class.

"Imperator, the humans have just sent us a way to modify our weapons to make them more effective. Our Plasma Torpedoes could become more powerful Plasma 'Lances' as they call them," Major Aro 'Zintamee.

"Imperator may I offer my counsel?" 'Sacramee inquired.

"You may speak," Sora said.

"When I was stationed aboard a cruiser in orbit of the planet the Humans called Reach the Ascendant Justice, which was recently captured by the Spartans, utilized its Plasma turrets to be nearly as effective as Energy Projectors, with weapons like those the Jiralhanae warships would burn being with standard non-modified cruisers our own ships match them 3 for 1. With Lances at our sides the we could take them 4 to 1 easy."

"Then it is agreed tell the humans to transmit the data to our fleet on the most secure comm frequencies; do not let that data fall into enemy hands."

\* \* \*



>Chieftain Opus had now advanced deep into the city. But it wasn't surprising the Sangheli defenses were weak from the first and second waves. The Jiralhanae and Kig-Yar corpses were more numerous than those of the Sangheli and Unggoy.<p><p>

"Chieftain the enemy hold in this sector is weak I suggest we push through and make a beeline to the temple," Captain Terubus

"Very well continue to push through Scarabs in the back of the formation,Wraiths in the front; Choppers and Banshees scout ahead," he said from his command Prowler.

The Banshees scouted the upper level Cityscapes. Whilst the Choppers covered the lower level.

\* \* \*

>"This is Tter we have a lock on an enemy Legion making progress towards the Temple," Praetor Tter 'Enral looked at the advancing army of Jiralhanae.<p><p>

"You have my permission to do as much damage as you can before reinforcements arrive," Eradar said over the comm.

"Affirmative," Tter said as he waved his Helios snipers on. He made the signal for them to hold fire. He ordered a few Helios to prepare to ambush the Scarab unit by Jumping on them and destroying their reactors or taking them if at all possible. His heavy weapons team also stood by on the ridge of the tallest structures. With a single wave of his hand sniper shots streamed through the air. Small blue lances penetrated armor and skull with equal efficiency; forming perfect holes in the Jiralhanae's infantry commanders and before the rest could react the Helios boarders jumped onto the Scarabs. Based on what he saw his men cut down Kig-Yar and Jiralhanae alike with Energy Staffs; long poles with an electric tip that could penetrate any known material. With another signal a wave of Fuel Rods came descending upon the enemy Wraiths. Enemy Banshees strafing low finally spotted their would be assassins. 'Shit' Tter said he could see down the Fuel Rod barrel of one of the Banshees. Then the vehicle detonated throwing him back with concussive force.

"Your getting careless," a familiar voice came through the comm. It was Eradar in his distinctive Apparition.

"Thanks," Tter mumbled embarrassed by the whole incident.

"No prob get your men to the lower districts the main Infantry is coming," Eradar said just as; as if on cue Sanghelian Wraiths blew through the enemy Choppers and Prowlers and started chewing into the enemy Artillery. Infantry were now battling mid-range and some coming down close quarters.

"Men lets get down there we got some close quarters fighting going on. Snipers maintain position give us cover," Tter said. This was met with a roar of Approval as Helios rushed to the Gravity lifts in the buildings.

\* \* \*

>Opus roared in anger as he smashed a Minor Sangheli's skull with his Gravity Hammer. His Prowler had been overturned by a Sangheli Wraiths plasma cannon. He charged into the Sangheli ranks jumping to avoid plasma streams from Sangheli Plasma Rifles. Sangheli corpses littered the floor. An Apparition flew low trying to blast him but he Jumped in the air and swung his hammer down with maximum power. The energy meter drained five times what it usually did. The Apparition went flying making an emergency landing in a Jiralhanae column. Angry Opus smashed through Sangheli lines he saw the Golden Armored Sangheli just getting out of his damaged Vehicle. Opus smiled he would kill their Field Master with ease. He put his hammer on his back and pulled out his plasma tipped Honor Blade. The Sangheli would die a painful death for his sins. Just as he was about to kill the vermin a lesser White and Black Armored Sangheli jumped in the way. 'Fool he thought.' He stabbed the Sangheli straight through the chest. It spat out purple blood as his intestines were ripped out in a fashion similar to Lerudus.<p><p>

"Die" he coughed as he drew his Energy Sword in a final attempt to end him. Opus thought he would die there but just as the Sangheli brought the blade to his neck; and the hairs were burned off by the sheer heat of the blade the Sangheli died and his weapon deactivated and slipped from his grasp. The Field Master stood and looked horrified as Opus threw the lifeless body to the ground. The two were about to engage in what would have been a fierce duel when a Loyalist Phantom crashed into the center of the plain forcing both commanders to fall back.

\* \* \*

>Both sides fell back being they were matched evenly but Eradar 'Rumilee stood his ground oblivious to what had happened. He stared at the lifeless corpse of his companion and second in command Erka 'Witakr. Tter walked up by him he rushed to Erka's side. He pulled some supplies out and applied some substance to the wound.<p><p>

"Eradar you have to help me!" Tter barked

"What do you mean HE'S DEAD!"

"Not yet he's not! I need you to call command request and Orbital healing pod. It'll keep him alive until we ship him back to the temple."

"You mean..."

Without another moment Eradar summoned an Orbital pod which similar to the ones used by the SpecOps; except it was a miniature Ambulance. A Phantom Dropship descended and loaded Erka in and sped off after Tter and Eradar rushed in.

"He's unconscious Eradar, I think he might make it," Tter said

"I pray to God that he will he has a young son and a wife."

"A wife? But he wields the sacred sword..."

"Yes however the Emperor just made a decree to change that law. After all the 'Rumil family can why shouldn't any others. The entire

Sangheli council voted on this and it was unanimous."

Every Sangheli in the room would have jumped with joy were it not for the fact that Erka was on the silver lining of death at that very moment. They entered the temple Erka was rushed to the medical tower and given priority.

All Eradar could do now was wait and ponder.

\* \* \*

>"Imperator, my lord news from the surface!"<p><p>

"What is it?" Sora inquired

"Supreme Commander 'Rumilee's squadron engaged with an enemy army and stalemated them, the most prevalent of the casualties was Eradar's second in command Erka 'Witakr..."

The Imperator with a wave of his hand dismissed the messenger; Erka was amongst the first Sangheli aristocrats to be married and he was now death had taken him. He did not wish to hear anymore and when he heard the messenger continue to talk he was about to discipline him until the words came from the Sangheli's mouth that "the commander is hanging on by a silver lining". After the messenger said that he left gracefully with a respectful bow. He said a silent prayer in his head and then turned back to the battle that waged in front of him.

\* \* \*

>Brutus stood at the command deck of his Supercarrier and looked in awe and anger as the Sangheli shot lances at his crumbling lines. Then right when his fleets were on the verge of collapse thousands of Slipspace ruptures appeared on the view screen.<p><p>

"Well they arrived just in time," the Prophet of Objection laughed. Only the Jiralhanae would dare delegate half of their species defense fleet to the enemy front. Now four thousand more loyalist warships formed ranks and smashed into the Sangheli lines.

"ALL SHIPS BREAK THROUGH THE CENTER!" Brutus barked over the comm.

"No I forbid it!"

\* \* \*

>Councilor 'Wattinr fell back into his command chair. He knew the space battle was lost. 10,000 Jiralhanae warships would crush the 1600 strong Sangheli resistance forces. The ground forces would be overwhelmed by the Fists of Truth.<p><p>

"Councilor what should we do?" a Sangheli inquired

"What can we do?"

\* \* \*

>Eradar could have cried at the site of 10,000 Jiralhanae warships. For every warship they had destroyed in orbit two ones now took their

place. What hope was left. 10,000 ships carried and army of millions and once their ships penetrated Sanghelian lines it would be finished.<p><p>

"O My God," Eradar whispered under his breath.

\* \* \*

>"Why are they just sitting their?" the Imperator inquired out loud even in the face of those impossible odds he looked unshaken.<p><p>

"My lord the enemy is hailing us all frequencies."

"Put it through now"

The image of the Prophet of Objection appeared on the view screen. His face formed in an arrogant smile. 'Bloody bastard' Sora thought just glaring into the San 'Shyuum's green eyes.

"Ah so you are the leader of this insignificant band of traitors and heretics," the Hierarch sneered, "well it matters not we know that your planet is rich in forerunner artifacts so we are hear to present to you and ultimatum either you submit to our will and dominance and hand over the your planet in which case only most of you will die and the rest including your family will live in slavery. You have forty-eight units to decide or we will wipe out your pitiful fleet and take your planet by force; in this case you will all die."

The image disappeared and the Imperator frowned. He knew he wouldn't surrender but at the same time he knew that the fleet he was facing outnumbered him almost ten to one. If he refused his race would perish. He had to hold if his army would fall then they would forever remember this battle.

\* \* \*

>"My lord we should strike now!" Brutus barked, "The Sangheli could develop a way to counter our fleet it could be disastrous."<p><p>

"Are you questioning my decision," the Prophet of Objection returned his finger pointing towards the switch that would self destruct Brutus' Power Armor.

"No holy one, I am merely stating that the Sangheli have betrayed us once they could do it again."

"I understand that but now that the Prophet of Truth has been confirmed dead myself and the Prophet of Justice are the last remaining Hierarchs. Having the Sangheli stripped of their honor and be forced to be our slaves will be a great way to avenge the three Hierarchs killed in the last cycle!" the Prophet of Objection rebutted.

"Yes holy one it Shall be done." Brutus said bowing as he went back to the operations of the ship.

'Now what will you do 'Rumilee I think even you won't be able to talk your way out of this one.'

\* \* \*

>The Sanghelian fleet was orderly they had reformed their lines in wait of the enemy's move. Their perfect circle formation around the main ships could be considered flawless. Especially in comparison to the Jiralhanae's staggered lines but still a 10,000 ship strong armada even one of blinded animals could crush anything. On the surface Infantry and Artillery lined up across the battlefield just waiting to get at each others necks.<p><p>

In the central chamber of the \_Honorable Demise\_ the Emperor sat in his thrown; his image was being projected to the High Council chambers planet side. The High Council debated amongst themselves about what to do about the current situation.

"I say we abandon this place rally at Balaho; our Homeworld," one Unggoy Councilor; Yayap suggested.

"Rally there and do what get tracked back and be slaughtered again no we must stay hear dragging this war out will only cause more deaths," a Sangheli Councilor spat.

"Then we blow this place up wipe out fleet and Prophet!" the Unggoy retaliated.

"You would destroy the last place with Sangheli heritage we lost High Charity to the flood now you wish to destroy Sanghelios!"

"If you don't withdraw there won't be a Sangheli Unggoy of Lekgolo born that won't be enslaved by the Jiralhanae."

The Sangheli raised his fists; and reached for his Energy blade. The Unggoy then did something very unlike an Unggoy. He reached for his Plasma Rifle.

"Enough!" the Emperor's voice echoed through the chamber, "We are sitting hear at each others throats whilst the enemy bares down upon us. My military will stay destroy as many of their ships as we can and if it becomes futile we'll..."

"I will not allow you to destroy Sanghelios you need the authorization of the whole Council to do..."

"Listen to the Emperor you fool! Sanghelios is lost but if we wipe out this area their fleet and leadership will be annihilated. As far as I'm concerned we should withdraw all forces rally; above Doisac; the Jiralhanae Homeworld!" Xytan barked.

The Council muttered amongst themselves.

"If Brute put this many ship hear that world must be..." another Unggoy was interrupted mid sentence.

"Lightly defended those only the Jiralhanae would dedicate all of their power towards offense. Their Homeworld most likely has a maximum of 2000 warships their. We would break through them being we can destroy them even when being outnumbered 4-1,now," High Councilor 'Menrah; a venerable old Sangheli said.

"I concur, with Councilors 'Menrah and 'Wattinr. The Great Schism is upon us and if we do not act all of our species will perish. My only wonder is where the Jiralhanae are getting all of these warships. They seem to be unaccounted for; like that Supercarrier\_ Fist of Truth.\_ For that matter the fact that approximately 16,000 warships defended Doisac before this assault. Though some of the ships are of Sanghelian and Hugorak design some of the warships seem different. Like they were constructed by other beings," the Emperor said.

\* \* \*

>"Noble Hierarch the enemy seems to be moving; their armies seem to be in perpetual retreat across all fronts," Chieftain Opus said.<p><p>

"There is activity over the crater that was formed by that Slipspace jump; my lord it seems to be similar to the Portal Device we found on the Human world," the Tactical officer barked

Brutus smiled as he ordered his Jiralhanae to their stations.

"All ships prepare for battle!" the Hierarch barked, "the enemy has opted for oblivion we shall give them what they ask."

The Arbiter sat in his throne aboard the bridge of the Assault Carrier \_Shadow of Intent.\_ It seemed that being that his ship had Journeyed to the Ark it had access to all of the Portals scattered throughout the Galaxy.

"My lord this network was most likely developed by the Forerunners to increase the speed of sentient races' evacuation to the Ark," the ship's AI John said (he was named after the missing human Spartan".

"And there is one at Sanghelios?" Ship Master Rtas 'Vadum inquired

"Yes Ship Master."

The Arbiter and 2000 Sanghelian ships now assembled around Earth. The warriors who had been in fleets where the Jiralhanae had not yet been stationed on by the Hierarchs. A severe over site on Truth's behalf.

"All right then Ship Master take us home."

Rtas nodded as they entered Quantum Space; the Forerunner's faster transportation system that could transport ships even to extra-galactic locations in mere hours. The Journey to Sanghelios would be a piece of cake.

\* \* \*

>"Captain look," a Jiralhanae Minor pointed at the huge portal forming in the sky.<p><p>

"By the Rings!" was the last thing Captain Urutus ever said as 2000 Sanghelian warships into through the sky a Seraph Fighter strafed his Squadron once; that was all that it needed to do.

\* \* \*

>This Chapter was short the next one will be pretty long though  
question should I include the Assault on Doisac or make that into a  
different story????<p><p>

Thx for reviews Councilor Sora

## 7. Flame Rekindled

Halo:The Defense of Sanghelios

Chapter 6: Flame Rekindled

Sangheli Temple of the Arbiter

First Age of Truth

The Arbiter strolled through the room of 193 fountains escorted by over 100 Honor Guards. All of the Sangheli and Unggoy stared at him with open mandibles and mouths respectfully. He finally came towards a door guarded by the two Helios Praetors.

"Excellency if you would," one of the warriors said. He showed no emotion; even though he was staring down the highest ranked Sangheli in the Galaxy. The Arbiter complied; he pulled his authorization chip from one of the compartments in his armor. He put it in along with a small amount of blood. When the DNA sample and the card matched with one and other the Praetors both did the same and the doors slid open.

"We apologize for the increase in security, Arbiter," a disembodied voice spoke.

"Councilor 'Wattinr it is good to see you," the Arbiter piped.

"The same to you my lord. I take it that you are taking command of the ground operation?"

"Indeed, you should get some rest you have been in that chair since the Jiralhanae jumped from Slipspace."

"Is that an order?"

"Yes, I'll take it from hear brother."

With that the Councilor saluted and exited the chamber.

--

"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS BRUTUS!?"

Brutus bowed before the Prophet of Objection and shook in fear; wide eyed.

"YOU TOLD ME THIS WAS ALL OF THE SANGHELIAN FLEET!" the Prophet of Objection's finger edged closer to Brutus' armor's self-destruct system, "AND NOW LOOK! THEY HAVE ALMOST \_4000\_ WARSHIPS! YOU FOOL!"

"My lord I forgot about the Sanghelian ships on the front line of Human..."

"Not good enough," the wide-eyed San 'Shyuum barked he flicked the switch to torture him sending low-voltage bolts of electricity surging through his body. The Alpha Chieftain's howls struck fear into all of his subordinates.

"You know I would have you killed but I still have some use for you," the Hierarch spun on his chair his back facing the golden armored warrior, "bring me 'Rumilee's head and all of your sins will be forgiven. Bring your intelligence officer before me; and bring my blade!"

--

"Fire plasma lances!"

The Imperator's commands were met with the destruction of countless Jiralhanae warships.

"Excellency! The Jiralhanae have launched boarding craft," Ship Master Necra 'Sacramee said.

"Prepare to repel boarders!" he barked, "and spin up the fore projectors."

Necra jumped from his command chair and rushed off the bridge. In the habitat area; in the aft section of the warship Jiralhanae pored in. This section of the ship was like a small town made so that its inhabitants felt more at home. In the center was a step temple, hand crafted by Sanghelios' finest.

"Ship Master all forces are prepared to face boarders!" an Ultra said. A thousand Sangheli; including 100 Honor Guards lined up on a artificial hill.

"Prepare to charge!" he barked.

--

"Kig-Yar bring up your snipers prepare to fire," Brutus barked he would not fail the Holy Prophet again.

The Kig-Yar moved up; beam rifles pointing over the hill. Almost on Q the Sangheli poured over the lush grass. 'To predictable' Brutus said.

"Fire!" he barked.

The Sangheli didn't fall though the thin streams of plasm passed through them as though they didn't exist.

"Look alive their using holo-drones they must be close."

He looked around he turned around just in time to see Sangheli snipers line up on the temple steps.

"Take cover!" he barked. He flicked on his special energy shield. It



overflowed off of him like a waterfall off of a mountain. But even this powerful shield would fall to three beam rifle shots.

Brutus watched in horror as his unit was wiped out by Sangheli snipers; it was his error for bringing them into an open field.

Going with his instincts he ran with his two escort Chieftains. He took cover in the temple.

--

Necra walked through the temple's labyrinth of corridors. He opened the door into the priest's quarters; nothing.

"Come on out!" he barked. 'Damn I wish I kept that Honor Guard escort' he thought. He turned to exit only to come across a glowing Jiralhanae. He through his sword towards the creatures chest but it bounced off like a rock off rubber. He watched as two other Jiralhanae clad in Red and Black armor scurried in. But with a bark the lesser beings backed off. He raised his hammer and charged Necra reached for his Beam Rifle but before he could take his shots he was pinned against the wall by the neck.

--

Brutus reached for one of the Energy Swords he collected from all of the Sangheli commanders he'd killed he impaled the Sangheli in the pearlescent white armor. He coughed up a great deal of blood before dieing. When his lifeless corpse slumped to the ground he took the Energy Sword the Sangheli had thrown at him and added it to his belt; which now held the skulls and swords of 30 Sangheli.

"Come let us make our way to the bridge," he barked to his escorts.

--

Ure 'Talok stood in his Phantom dropship as it streamed towards one of the towers.

"All right Spartans split your forces 150 per tower. The Helios will accompany me to the third tower," Ure said. He watched as the Pelicans complied and streamed towards the other two towers, "Supreme Commander, Praetor status!"

"We have all touched down at our respective tower clusters; but the Jiralhanae are putting up heavy resistance. Beware of Anti-Air," Eradar barked over the comm

Just as he said that a bolt of plasma struck a nearby Phantom incinerating it.

"Pilot land at the Assembly area if we get any closer we'll be shredded," the Field Master ordered.

"Yes excellency."

The Assembly area was full of all sorts of Sangheli, Unggoy, and even a few Lekgolo. The Vehicles; docked at buildings assembled from

orbital drops.

"All right men we'll use artillery to break through the hard way!" he barked as he jumped into a Wraith. They all complied as soon they were all in Vehicles.

"Bombard the enemy fortifications with the Plasma mortars," Ure said as he turned on his targeting computer. This device; recently developed by Sangheli engineers uses satellite images to map the local areas and presented a live feed of hostile forces. Using this and the long range Mortar guns of the Wraiths it presented a deadly weapon to the enemy. It was almost perfectly accurate. It could be used to wipe out the enemy forces before they could react. This proved to be a deadly advantage; especially when facing dimwitted foes such as the Jiralhanae.

"Alright good; area secure Ship Master bring her down," Ure said.

"Roger that \_Shadow of Intent\_ marking your location and moving in," Rtas 'Vadum responded.

--

"Outside of tower one secure how it going on your end Deltas?" Rob asked over the comm.

"Same hear boss," Dane said over the comm.

"Oh of coarse you take all of my hard work and make it look like it was all you!" another voice boomed over the comm.

"Damn it Rick you were in a Scorpion tank; I was on foot and still got half as many kills as you," Dane rebuked.

"Both of you stow it keep this channel clear. All Spartan IIIs secure the outside perimeter of these towers. Spartan IIs proceed into the tower and upload those viruses," Rob's commands were met with 300 affirmative green lights, "You ready Jena?"

"Sure, don't be so uptight loosen up a bit," Jena said.

"Uh right," Rob said as they proceeded into the tower.

"Hey Romeo you forgot to turn off your comm!" Rick mused.

"Why you..."

"What happened to 'stop spamin the comm Dane and Rick..."

"Alright guys cut it out," Jena said, "We have a job to do."

--

Eradar proceeded into his tower. His Helios squadron awaited his orders he gestured his hand forward and the four of them moved in. Eradar moved around a corner only to stare down a Jiralhanae Captain Major clad in Gold Armor. Before it could react it had a gut full of plasma. The last thing it ever saw was the Helios' Energy staff.

The Kig-Yar in the room upon hearing the death of their commander; made a swift dash for the door, but they didn't make it far as a Helios briskly shot each once in the head with his carbine.

They had finally reached the Elevator to the top of the tower.

"Spartans, Eradar. Rtas 'Vadum and his Spec Ops are making their move on tower trio number three. The Helios under Tter are making their move on the remaining towers in your trio Supreme Commander. I am moving in on the final tower in your vicinity Spartans. Beware I have SpecOps spies that have confirmed Sharquoi in the area."

"Shit!" Eradar said, Helios bring up the Heavy weapons we could have Sharquoi!"

Two of the Helios left for reinforcements that waited outside in the Phantom.

--

Dane and Rick both waited in the elevator as they ascended to the top of the tower. Waiting for them was a 19 foot alien monster. It looked like the twentieth century hero the 'Bulk' or whatever. Behind it was a Brute Chieftain and its bodyguards.

"HOLY SHIT!" they both shouted. But as they did this a Phantom Dropship crashed into the chamber crushing the Sharquoi and the Chieftain against the unbreakable forerunner glass. The Spartans would have drowned in their vomit if they hadn't turned away from the spot. A huge puddle of Green entrails mixed with the reddish-blue ones of the Jiralhanae.

"Well I thought you might need some he..." Ure said, but he was blown off of his high horse when he smelt the Sharquoi's corpse now strewn across the floor and the glass.

The Spartans couldn't help but laugh. They proceeded to put the virus into the tower's systems shutting it down.

"That's two; seven to go," Dane said.

--

Jena was smashed against the wall by the enormous creature; she could feel the life edging away from her body. But then a thin red dot appeared on the Creatures head. Before it could react a thick laser streamed by disintegrating the monsters head. She pulled the arm of the creature off of as its body slumped to the ground.

Rob slumped against the wall Spartan Laser in hand. Jena almost didn't notice the Chieftain with his hammer mid-swing; but he was put down with a crackle of her Sniper Rifle. The Chieftain's Helmet had been blown off by the recent encounter; and now his head had followed suit.

"Rob are you ok?" she asked gingerly.

"I'm fine just get this tower off-line," Rob said.

As she walked to the control platform the comms crackled to life as Sangheli captured towers and darkened them.

"Lets go home, Jena," Rob said gently.

--

"Ship Master the shield is down!"

"By God they've done it. Prepare plasma lances and projectors target those cruisers!" Rtas barked as he saw the massive shield collapse. Then the weapons of \_Shadow of Intent\_ fired destroying the last Jiralhanae hold on the planet.

--

Opus stared at the cruisers being destroyed. 'I have to escape' he thought as he witnessed his army being gunned down like dogs by the Sangheli army. He turned from the destruction only to find a gold Sangheli behind them. He felt a funny sensation a warm feeling that filled his chest; then an intense pain. He tried to yell out but he couldn't his throat had been slit. 'Damn' he thought as he stood on his knees. The Sangheli leveled the sword with his head.

--

"ARRRRRGGGGG!" Eradar yelled as he sliced off the Chieftains head. At last it was finished he thought. He stared in awe as the enemy cruisers detonated in the air.

"All forces secure the city," Rtas 'Vadum barked over the comm.

--

"All ships battle formation X break through the center," the Imperator barked.

All 3600 Sanghelian warships formed an enormous X with \_Honorable Demise\_ at the center streamed straight forward; plasma lances tearing through. Sora now adorned a black cloak that started at his waist and broke at his legs; another piece of cloth draped between his legs to the floor. the Sangheli's ceremonial robes of victory given to their most esteemed commanders.

"Ah Rumil I see that Objection's fleet is falling, but I will have your head now," a Gold armored Jiralhanae barked. Sora's Honor Guards were about to kill him on sight but something told him to hold them back, "Your Ship Master is dead I killed him but now let us duel."

The beast drew an Energy Sword and wielded his hammer in one hand. He spun the heavy hammer around like an Unggoy slowly his body was enveloped by a white light. Sora wasted no time; he was taking this fight seriously, he drew two Energy Swords. By this time there was energy overflowing from the Jiralhanae's body. He jumped up in the air and swung his hammer. Sora ducked down; dodging the blow. The beast wildly slashed at the Sangheli. Sora gasped as his cloak was

caught in his the beast sword; a bit closer and he would have cleaved his leg off.

"I CAN SMELL YOUR FEAR! YOUR END IS NEAR!!!!"

Sora jumped in the air and slashed with both blades. The Jiralhanae's head would have been cleaved in half if it was not for his shield which blocked every blow. Sora spun and cleaved the beast's Energy Sword handle in half. The beast roared in anger as he stuck his hammer into the metal floor. His armor did something. The Jiralhanae roared in pain as arms sprung from the flesh spewing blood onto the floor. The Jiralhanae now stood; four arms prepped and ready. He drew stuck the Gravity Hammer on his back, and drew Four energy Swords from his belt.

"You see this forerunner technology uses me as a host! It will twist and contort my body; duplicating the genes; in a sense I am two beings now I can spring spare parts now. You see the Forerunners used this to produce super soldiers to counter the flood.," Brutus said.

'His body's skeletal and muscle structure must be under severe stress he'll die soon.' Sora roared as he jumped in the air. He passed the Jiralhanae mid air dicing the two of the beasts Energy Swords. But the beast grabbed the hammer and sent a Shockwave mid-air. Sora was blasted against the wall with the force of gravity itself.

Brutus held the Hammer with two of his hands keeping Sora pinned against the wall. The beast spun the Energy Sword preparing to decapitate the Emperor. 'Damn' Sora thought; staring at the Energy Swords.

"ARGGGGGGG!" the beast said; but then three shots with the beam rifle echoed. The beast turned to face his new foe. His shield went down. 'My chance' Sora said to himself. He jumped in the air and diced the beasts Sword arms off. It roared in anger. Sora took the chance and shoved his blade in Brutus' open mouth. The Jiralhanae sprouted another head from his body; spewing blood onto Sora's pearlescent armor.

"HAHAHAHA I CANNOT DIE BY ANY BLADE!" Brutus barked madly; choking the Emperor with his two remaining hands. Sora chopped these off as well; and removed the beast's legs. Before he the he could recuperate, Sora increased the shields on his arm and drove it through the Jiralhanae's chest violently. Rumil felt inside the beast and ripped out its heart. But, everyone on the bridge watched in horror as another heart filled the hole in its chest. Skin cells multiplied at an astronomical rate filling the hole. 'His body is regenerating faster than I've before.' The beasts shield began to recuperate. Three more shots. This time Sora turned to face his savior. A Sangheli stood in clad in Councilor armor.

"Honor Guards!" Sora barked. He and his 30 closest Honor Guards jumped and impaled the beast.

"Uh!"

"GO BACK!"

He and his Honor Guards pulled back as Brutus' body sprouted thirty

arms throughout his body. He was dead. His head sprouted in the mess of body parts.

"Unggoy take this mess and put it in the incinerator!"

Unggoy moved in and took the corpse.

"And for you soldier. Who are you?" he questioned the Sangheli in Councilor armor.

"Excellency I'm disappointed; Soha 'Rolamee nice to meet your acquaintance!"

Sora froze.

"Impossible," he muttered. He defensively activated his blades, "I owe you my life, but if you insult the memory of Councilor..."

Sora stopped he looked at the beaming eyed of the Councilor.

"I escaped from the grips of the Minister of Tranquility. He had me marked me for execution long before the Halo campaign had been launched. But, I had someone double for me he decapitated the fake me as I escaped on a Phantom dropship with the assistance of the Helios guards. And luckily I stowed away on High Charity until the Civil War began. I then commandeered an Assault Carrier and have been stationed on that ship ever since."

"... welcome some soldier," Sora muttered.

--

The Prophet of Objection was furious the Emperor's fleet was closing in around him.

"Excellency the Heretic ships have broken through the second line they are moving towards our location!" a Jiralhanae Ship Master barked

"THEN DRIVE THEM BACK!" Objection barked.

"Sir we've lost over a third of the fleet we should withdraw. If we don't..."the Ship Master's armor detonated spewing body parts across the floor of the Command deck.

"Congratulations captain you have been promoted," Objection pointed a slim finger towards one of the Captain Ultra's at his station.

"Thank you excellency," the Captain said donning the armor of the former Ship Master, "All Ships ram the enemy if you have to destroy the enemy ships at all costs!"

Just then the Sanghelian ships unleashed a barrage of Plasma lance shots a thousand more warships shattered and the Jiralhanae ships were pushed back.

"Chieftain we are in the range of their moon's defense cannons!" a Jiralhanae barked.

--

Fortress Master Onra 'Pansomee stared at the Jiralhanae ships falling back to Suban moon. The moon was one big city; covered in urban sprawl and powerful cannons; such as the Type IV Ultra lasers which were designed to shatter a battlecruiser in a single shot.

"Fortress Master the Emperor wishes for us to open fire on those ships."

"Very well begin to open fire!"

The guns rose from their cover in the streets and buildings as the moon's shields opened up. Green, red, and blue condensed bolts towards the enemy formation. Out of the 7500 retreating ships only 5500 remained after the barrage. The Jiralhanae fleet was in disarray.

--

Objection had gone into a fit of rage. He had killed three Jiralhanae in pure hatred. One of which was the \_Fist of Truth's\_ Ship Master. Failure such as this was intolerable everyone in the fleet would have to be terminated. 'Yes thats it'. Objection typed in the self-destruct sequence of the fleet, save his elite Supercarrier.

"Objection stop!" a Sangheli voice boomed.

"Impossible Brutus failed to kill you?" Objection retorted. He turned to face the Emperor, the Arbiter and two Councilors.

"Its over you are under arrest for High crimes against the Sangheli and breaking the Writ of Union," the Emperor barked as the Councilors ignited their swords and advanced on the Hierarch. His Jiralhanae Honor Guards retaliated. But the Emperor and his warriors gutted them before they could use their Energy Staffs.

"Do you really think that I will come silent..." before the Prophet could finish his sentence Sora had grabbed him by his neck and threw him onto the floor whilst the Councilors killed the bridge crew.

"Honor Guards escort the Prophet of Objection to the dropship," 'Rumil said.

"Sora he's locked in the self destruct sequence," Soha said urgently.

"Send retreat orders send them to Doisac!" the Arbiter retorted, "Lets return to the shuttle bay with the Hierarch."

Within a flash the 5500 ships jumped into Slipspace.

--

"Noble Prophet of Justice the fleet has returned," Jiralhanae Chieftain Larus said.

"Ah good hail the flagship," the Hierarch said.

"Sir heat signatures detected from the fleet...this is antimatter charges!"

Just then the fleet detonated taking a chunk of Doisac with it Oceans boiled away and continents shattered. The remains of the defense fleet left in orbit were obliterated instantly as an explosion with the strength of a star cracked Doisac's crust. The Prophet of Justice's base was on the dark side of the planet and thus not effected. But before he knew it his Jiralhanae guards rushed him to his escape cruiser. Then it departed for the unknown reaches of space.  
>--<p>

"Arbiter was this necessary? We just destroyed an entire planet with our actions!" the Emperor said. The council argued amongst themselves about whether the destruction of Covenant systems was a legitimate way to end the threat.

"Sora with all due respect to you title as Emperor the Jiralhanae have now glassed over 20 \_defenseless\_ Sanghelian worlds; they wish to destroy us and until we can stop them by show of force they will not stop!"the Arbiter rebutted.

"But, then what separates us from the Jiralhanae!?" Councilor 'Wattinr rebutted.

"We target military posts and all Jiralhanae will become warriors at some point we are not slaughtering warriors we're killing a barbarian scourge. Before the Covenant found them they were in the midst of their third nuclear war!"the Arbiter barked.

"May I interrupt you Excellencies?" Rtas 'Vadum entered; he now donned gold and silver armor of the Imperial Admirals. He was now chief of the Sanghelian intelligence and SpecOps.

"Yes indeed."

"Well recent studies compiled with the data the Humans found on Earth imply that the Covenant found more than we suspected. We believe that the increase in their fleet strength is due to an old Forerunner factory known as the\_ Death Forge.\_ Now if the Jiralhanae tap into this fortresses' true power they would gain control of an infinite armada. I would advise that battle fleets be sent to all Forerunner worlds we have encountered so far."

"Emperor you will lead the First fleet, I the Second, Xytan the third, and Vadum the fourth. We must find this station ASAP or Sanghelios will fall again,"the Arbiter barked.

"Very well we'll depart after the memorial service.

--

"Approaching the Death Forge now my lord sending in Authorization codes," Larus said. The massive station was an enormous orb the size of a planet. It was surrounded by and enormous fleet of ships a second \_High Charity\_ held position in orbit around the artificial planet.



"Very good Chieftain," the Hierarch said. All remaining Councilors; Jiralhanae and San 'Shyuum had gathered hear; the safest location in the galaxy. His ship turned to face \_High Charity\_ and its ten refit Battle Stations. Thousands of warships assembled hear.

"The Covenant awaits your arrival my lord your Phantom is waiting," the Chieftain bowed.

"Thank you Larus," Justice said. At last progress could be made and this heresy would be quashed.

--

500 ships emerged from Slipspace. They all escorted the Battle Station \_Unrelenting Might.\_

"Imperator we have arrived in Epsilon Eridani system; planet Reach," the comms officer barked, "There is a small Covenant fleet in orbit."

"Destroy them and send two CCS-class battlecruisers to the excavation sight," Sora said.

The fleet decimated the enemy flotilla with ease and two CCS-Class battlecruisers broke formation and streamed towards the planet.

"All ships are to remain on high alert; if any Jiralhanae warships slip in destroy them immediately," the Fleet responded to the Imperator's commands.

--

Field Master Sacra 'Menrah watched from orbit as the battlecruisers laid waste to the Jiralhanae installations. What surprised him was the scope of this operation. The entire Inner Rim fleet had become involved. He felt a sudden jerk as his Phantom dropship exited the hangar bay.

"Field Master, the majority of the enemy ground forces have been destroyed, however the enemies' central base is under a shield generator and thus we cannot bombard them. But, there is another reason why we cannot destroy their base; it is the same mountain as the one the Human command center was! In other words there is a forerunner sight their and we believe one of the maps is located their; retrieving the map is your primary objective," Imperator 'Rumil said over the comm.

"Yes Imperator it shall be done."

The Field Master departed from his Phantom with his two Helios escorts and a few Major Sangheli; his aids. He looked around him; preassembled buildings dropped from orbit as well as Ghosts, Spectres, and hear and their Wraith tanks. But he saw what it was built over; a glass crater over a kilometer in diameter; the remains of a former Jiralhanae encampment. A Zealot walked to greet them; flanked by two Major Sangheli.

"Erka 'Witakr, Base Master, nice to see you Field Master!" greeted an the Sangheli.

"Well its good to see that they gave you a promotion after all of the pain you went through..."

"No it was an honor to have taken those wounds for Sanghelios, I would have died if need be."

Sacra put his hand on Erka's shoulder.

"We all would have he said, now please give me a tour of the base."

--

Aboard the Death Forge the High Council was in session; being debriefed about the failure at Sanghelios and the destruction of Doisac.

"You see these images were taken from Doisac; our former capitol!" barked the Prophet of Justice slamming his fists upon his throne, "Immediate action must be taken!"

"We should wait for our armada to be at its full power before doing so. The new High Charity is armed with a powerful new weapon that should prove useful in the upcoming battle Excellency," a Minister said. The High Council seemed to concur with the Councilor.

"Very well it shall be done recklessness has claimed the lives of Truth, Regret, and Objection. With patience and faith the Great Journey will soon begin my brothers!"

The Jiralhanae and San 'Shyuum roared in agreement; their flames rekindled by rage and hatred.

--

The Arbiter and his 750 ships had been given the task of prowling the remains of the Ark for any hint of forerunner Artifacts. They used the Portal at Sanghelios which was now being analyzed by Sanghelian scientists to put that technology onto their ships.

"Arbiter the Ark is destroyed we detect no traces of technology," Imperial Admiral Rtas 'Jar Vadum said.

"Widen the range of our scans!"

"Very well but I don't think it will..."

"Admiral! We have discovered a planet there is some sort of Beacon coming from the world UNSC-A band," the comms officer said.

"Set a coarse," 'Vadum barked as the Arbiter tried to contain his laughter with a smile.

"Sir, this signal on the planet its IFF tag says S-117."

"Send a battlecruiser down immediately."

--

"Chief I need you," a voice said over the comm.

Master Chief Petty Officer Spartan-117; John woke up from his year long sleep. He felt his muscles ache as he tried to move them.

"What is it Cortana what happened?"

"Don't strain yourself! Apparently we've landed on some sort of City-planet the whole planet is covered in urban sprawl."

"I see," John said; climbing out of the chamber. He grabbed his Assault Rifle and decided to take a stroll.

"Wait I'm coming with you, I'm better at the whole not shooting Aliens thing; I heard what happened between you and the Arbiter from Johnson's logs."

"It must have been nice to hear his voice," the Master Chief said remorsefully. The thought of Johnson making snide remarks to marines and Elites alike always bolstered his spirits. A rush of anger swelled through him as he thought about the Ark campaign. Miranda Keyes, Johnson, and countless other lives lost. It saddened him; even more than Halo because this time he knew Johnson wouldn't come back.

"Chief an Elite fleet just slipped in system; its one of the largest I've ever seen. I would advise you stay here until they arrive."

--

"Arbiter the planet has billions of lifeforms of Sentient...my lord their are Humans, San 'Shyuum, Jiralhanae and Sangheli signs of life as well as over 100 other sentient species we have yet to have encountered."

"Hail the planet and take head."

A Sangheli's face appeared on the screen.

"This is the Commander of the defense fleet of the planet \_Salvation; capital of the Forerunner Empire."

--

Yay Cliff Hangar and a twist ty for the reviews plz continue.

## 8. The Forerunner's Assistance

Halo: The Defense of Sanghelios

Chapter 7:Â The Forerunner's Assistance

\_Asteroid belt in Epsilon Eridani\_

\_Near the planet Reach.\_

The Imperator was receiving a report from his three Supreme Commanders. They were searching for a Jiralhanae hybrid Phantom that breached the fleets blockade in a fluke. But, now the full combined

fleet of 600 ships was prowling the Asteroid field.

"My lord, with all due respect they could have jumped into Slipspace, or possibly they were destroyed in the asteroid field," one said.

"No, Admiral that is impossible we have and Interdiction field set up for this entire system, our scientists designed it specifically for this type of situation," the Emperor retorted, "And you will all scan this system until you find them; because if I see a massive Jiralhanae armada bearing down upon us may Heaven help me! You are all dismissed."

The comm snapped off.

"Lord 'Rumil," as if on cue Imperial Admiral Rntro 'Jar Inram; his second in command, "the Arbiter has commanded that you contact him; it seemed urgent."

"Move the \_Honorable Demise\_ out of the Asteroids and prepare to dock with \_Unrelenting Might,\_ "he barked. He walked away; his commander's cape flowed as he made his way to the docking bay.

When his ship docked he made his way to his personal quarters on \_Unrelenting Might.\_

"What is your will Arbiter?" he inquired.

"Sora we've discovered something that could alter the war completely!"

"Did you find the location of the \_Death Forge\_?" Sora said; his voice rising slightly in excitement.

"Better yet my old friend; the Forerunner Empire!"

'Rumil's heart skipped a beat. 'How could that be possible?'

"I need you to address the Sanghelian Republic on this. I'm out of range from most installations and colonies."

"I will of course do this after I have informed the High Council."

"Very well, Arbiter out."

"Spartan with us!" Usze 'Taham said. His White Assault armor appearing black as they juttred down another corridor of \_Forward Unto Dawn.\_

"Will you please for God's sake explain what the hell is happening?! And where the hell are we?"

"N'tho take point!" he barked.

The other Sangheli who had helped him in his fights against Truth; N'tho 'Sraom stepped back from the other two SpecOps Elites accompanying Usze. He was now clad in Red armor; he had been promoted just like Usze.

"We are apart of a fleet tasked with finding the \_Death Forge;\_ the center of the Covenant's war machine. As of now we all are heading to the Senate building of the Forerunner Empire who's capital is on this world," N'tho said in a matter of fact way.

"That's impossible the Forerunner all died in..."

"This planet we're on is like \_High Charity\_ its capable of Slipspace jumps."

"Well thats a mouth full but I think I understand."

"Oh and the Forerunner are not a single race but rather a huge collections of races; including the Prophets, Brutes, Elites, Grunts and Hunters."

"Well at least that didn't complicate things," Cortana said sarcastically.

The Imperator sat at the head of the High Council chambers; he was about to make the announcement about the Forerunner Empire. All across the Sangheli and UNSC controlled territory mother's silenced their anxious children as their eyes glued to the screen.

"My brethren, I have very important news today. So important that the entire High Council was ordered to be assemble immediately," the Imperator's throne bobbed slightly, "Today we have come across something that will change the Galaxy forever. The Prophet's lies that the Forerunners ascended into God hood have now been proven false. For the remaining Forerunners have been found. The war will soon come to a close one way or another and we will be victorious."

The High Council erupted in applause as the Imperator floated off of the platform to his Phantom Dropship. In orbit \_Honorable Demise\_ and its 100 escorting ships waited for his arrival. Then they slipped into Slipspace; back to Epsilon Eridani.

Lord Irka 'Gar Excusee; the commander of the Defense fleet of Salvation sat upon his command chair of his Dreadnought \_Spirit of Halo\_ the ship was shaped like squid but the ship had a flat surface based upon which were countless towers shaped like a city; the ships point defense system. The warship was 35km long; the largest in the fleet of 100,000 ships orbiting Salvation.

"My lord the Arbiter's ship has just docked in hangar bay 71," a San 'Shyuum said.

"Have the a Squad of Honor Guards escort him to the bridge."

"Yes lord as you command."

The Arbiter walked in the room and immediately Irka bowed to him; as did the San 'Shyuum at the stations.

"By God; the Armor of the Librarian!" Irka barked.

The Arbiter, awestruck looked at him quizzically.

"Forgive me Arbiter but that armor has been lost for 100,000 years. I

am Lord Irka 'Gar Excusee; commander of the inner rim defense fleet."

"Lord 'Excusee this armor's shields are out of date even by our standards..."

"That is because it requires a forerunner hand to activate it," Irka said whilst placing his hand at the center of the Arbiter's chest plate. The armor activated; the Arbiter watched as his shield meter's extended to that of a Councilor's armor.

"Now, you said that you were in search of something," Irka said whilst walking to his command chair.

"Yes; the Death Forge," as the word Death Forge exited the Arbiter's mouth all in the command center froze.

"What of it?" Irka said in a serious tone shifting a little. The Honor Guards were on edge their spears raised defensively; ready to strike down the Arbiter at any hint of treachery.

"The Covenant discovered it and are going to use it against us; based on your reactions I think you know what it is."

"Indeed, well first I must tell you of the Forerunner Empire and its origins. We first started when the Precursors left the Galaxy in our care. They were the only tier 0 race in History. They were practically god-like. Soon they decided to move on; leaving our Galaxy for others. The remaining Precursors helped the Forerunner Empire. These beings were human-like in appearance; but now they are long extinct. The Forerunner's Empire soon grew to consume the entire Galaxy. But at the height of our Empire a parasitic life form attacked our outer rim systems. We managed to contain it at first. But then in a fluke instance the Flood soon breached our quarantine," Irka said sternly, "Our leaders created the Flood Gate; an enormous factory built to increase the production of our capitol ships and clone our infantry. Although at first we managed to push the flood from the then crumbling Outer-Rim defenses the Flood managed to find the location of the Flood Gate. They breached the defensive fleet with a single flood spore; it spread to the entire fleet. The Flood took Flood Gate. We renamed it the Death Forge. After that the Flood quickly cut past the Outer-Rim defenses. Soon the Mid-Rim had fallen. With most of the Galaxy taken the Librarian went to categorize the remaining species. The Forerunner's final plan would be put into effect; they would flee to the Shield World whilst their children would be sent to the Ark. But one of our defense AI's; Mendicant Bias betrayed us the plan failed. The Shield World; blockaded by a Million Flood ships; Mendicant Bias escaped aboard one of the Forerunner Dreadnoughts bound for the Ark. The Librarian died on our Homeworld staring towards a Flood Armada; herding Sangheli youth into the Dreadnought. The end came; but what the Flood weren't able to find out; Salvation the Forerunner Capital. We escaped to the area near the Ark. We herded our remaining children back to their respective Homeworlds after the Flood in the galaxy died. We hoped that our children would take better care of the Galaxy we failed to protect. We thought that the Covenant would become our successors as the rulers of the Galaxy. But apparently that was a mistake. I will take you to the Senate; convince them of our cause. We must end the Death Forge once and for all.

Imperator 'Rumil saw no point in occupying Epsilon Eridani now. His ships now awaited his command. The image of his son appeared on the screen he wore a purple cloak which was drooped over the purple armor, to top it all off a large purple headdress; the traditional armor of the Supreme Commander. Pride swelled inside of the Imperator; to see his son donning such honorable armor was an awe inspiring sight.

"Imperator 'Rumil the enemy is about to mobilize a scout fleet we are ready for you to begin the operation," Eradar said.

"Very well you command the Prototype Basilisk-Class Stealth battlecruisers and the Stealth Assault Carrier well," Sora said with pride.

Chieftain Warus stood in the command center of his HQ on the planet Maccabeus . He was tasked with the assault on the Sangheli held planets.

"Chieftain the enemy has destroyed the fleet at Reach. We're sending in a fleet now," one of his Captains reported.

"Good," he retorted. He stared at the screen as 300 warships disappeared into the fabric of Slipspace. An instant later 600 Sangheli cruisers emerged from Slipspace. Another 100 ships decloaked; and joined the larger fleet.

"PREPARE FOR BATTLE!!" he barked hefting his war hammer from his back.

"Imperator the Jiralhanae match us one to one!"

"Good then we shall slaughter them prepare the plasma lances and Energy Projectors, SpecOps prepare to deploy!" Sora barked over the comm. The ships in the fleet deployed their drop pods; the first wave of the invasion. The Basilisk-class ships; designed to ultimately replace the millennium old CCS-design sliced through the Jiralhanae lines with ease, and to top it all off they were able to scramble the plasma torpedoes targeting systems. Naturally it couldn't be used against the Sangheli because of their now exclusive use of Plasma lances.

Field Master Sacra 'Menrah hopped out of his orbital pod clad in vacuum sealed Golden Assault Armor. Fifty SpecOps Sangheli jumped out of similar pods.

"All right men there is a factory in the center of this zone is a factory that is pumping out all of the vehicles which are preventing our advance to the Capital city and the enemy's main base," the Field Master said.

As his unit moved forward he looked overhead to see explosions blanketing the sky. Then he directed his attention to the enemy Banshee's swooping overhead.

"Take cover!" he barked but by the time he'd ordered this many of his Sangheli had fallen prey to the enemy aircraft. The two aircraft swooped around for another pass but the remaining Sangheli blasted them into oblivion with Fuel Rod guns. Sacra eyed his motion tracker; red blips appeared.

"Too early to celebrate men!" he said as Phantoms descended to the ground dropping off enemy infantry. The Field Master sighed and triggered a grenade.

"We must commission a fleet to deal with this threat," spoke a Senator of an Insectoid race.

"All in favor!". His claws were raised towards the center platform upon which stood Lord 'Excusee, the Arbiter, a human, and a warrior whose face was obscured by a mask that looked similar to a cattle's skull. It was as tall as any Sangheli and wore a white cloak similar to the Emperor's. He identified himself as Jalum rai Sahll; the last Precursor.

All 3000 Senators raised their hands in unison. 'It was decided then' the Arbiter thought 'the Forerunners would go to war, no matter how swift'

"Imperator the space above this world is secure," Eradar reported.

"Well done warriors," he said turning to the holographic display of the planet's surface. His detachments had successfully neutralized their targets. But, the Jiralhanae would not give; they were intent on not allowing them to reach the Capital city which was shrouded in an Energy Shield strong enough to deflect bombardment even from Unrelenting Might's powerful guns. Sora had positioned some of his cruisers and Assault Carriers in E.L.O. (Extremely Low Orbit) to reinforce his SpecOps legions. Sora turned and stared at the holographic view of the capital city; a 'San 'Shyuum Minister and a Jiralhanae Chieftain were somewhere in the mix of kilometer high buildings. Then he spotted it a shield that enveloped a large tiered structure; a Citadel.

"Commander prepare to..."

"Imperator, Slipspace ruptures... hundreds, no thousands of them!"

"Damn all forces retreat!" Sora barked. An explosion rocked the ship.

"Sir our engines have been disabled!" a tech officer said fearfully.

"Order an 'Abandon Ship,'" Sora ordered, already keying the self-destruct sequence into his chair's command console. The blue light inside the ship began flashing red, alerting all crew members to evacuate the ship. The bridge staff quickly punched in last minute coordinates, sent out emergency signals, and double-checked the self-destruct system. Sora and Eradar walked calmly out of the bridge. Sora glanced back upon the bridge of his prized flagship, but he had other things to worry about.

"Where is Erka?" Sora asked.

"He's en route to the planet surface," Eradar growled. Sora nodded as the two arrived at the main gravity lift. Sangheli, Unggoy occupied the lift, each species shoving the other in their panic. Even Sora



was nudged, despite everyone's knowledge of his high status. However, he did not mind. He understood their fear. It wasn't long before the lift descended and arrived in the hangar. Sora and Eradar quickly ran to Sora's customized Phantom drop ship.

The armor was thicker and there was a Wraith suspended from it. It was also painted black with white stripes running along the top. Sora noticed a dozen Honor Guards waited at the bottom of the ship's lift, but none entered, waiting for the Councilor that they were assigned to protect. Sora and Eradar entered the lift at the same moment and ascended quickly, the Guards close on their heels. When the last one entered the ship took off, escorted by four Apparitions and two Seraph fighters.

Sora checked the timepiece built into his helmet's HUD and saw that less than three minutes remained until his ship destroyed itself. He knew that not all of the crew would escape the blast, but he knew they were willing to sacrifice their lives in order to take out the Jiralhanae vessels. Sora walked into the cockpit, an Ultra sat in a chair as two Majors tended their stations.

"Where are we going commander?" the Emperor asked.

"To the \_Unrelenting Might,\_ excellency," the Ultra responded.

"Set coarse for the planet," Sora said briskly.

"Yes, excellency," the Ultra didn't hesitate for a second. The Phantom turned for the surface of Maccabeus.

The Arbiter was amazed at the tales the Precursor told. According to what he said he was alive since the time of the Precursors; far before the time of the Forerunner Empire; half a million years ago. Without his warriors mask he appeared to have a beak and looked bird like. But, his feet looked like those of a two toed Elephant. The Precursors had achieved power that defied the laws of physics; it amazed him. All of the other Sangheli were not expecting such entertainment, most came because there was nothing else to do in the long Slipspace journey. Some of the Scientists were documenting every word he uttered. The Arbiter sighed; it was probably for one of those documentaries that all the children stared at. There had been one shown about him; which he disliked, he hoped Jalum wouldn't mind.

"No Arbiter I don't mind," the Precursor spoke out loud.

The Arbiter could not believe this did he just...

"Read your mind, yes I did. You seemed distracted and so I thought that I would demonstrate my abilities to the crowd by waking you from your day dreams."

"Very impressive if I do say so myself but I think..."

"Arbiter, Master Chief, Lord Excusee needs you on the command deck," a Jiralhanae clad in red armor barked.

"We shall be their shortly," the Arbiter said, "I apologize Lord Sahll."

The Precursor gestured him away with a wave of his hand.

"Spartan, come!"

John got up from his seat and walked out with the Arbiter.

"Tell me Spartan, what happened?" the Arbiter asked

"After you left the Hangar I was holding on for dear life; the portal closed and sliced the Frigate in half. I sealed myself in one of the Cryo-tubes. When we landed on the surface of that Forerunner planet."

"Interesting..." the Arbiter commented as they entered the bridge.

"Arbiter, we've received a distress call from a Sora 'Vran Rumil we were wondering if that was one of your people," the Sangheli said.

"Yes he is my second in command you must set course for that world immediately!" the Arbiter said slightly distressed. Lord 'Excusee walked towards the navigation officer and told him to set course for Maccabeus.

SpecOps Commander Erka 'Witakr stared at the personal Phantom dropship of the Emperor. Dozens of Honor Guards had secured the area prior to the Emperor's arrival. Now, six Honor Guards stood at attention before the rows of Sangheli officers.

Erka bowed as the Emperor walked from the ramp towards the rear of his Phantom Dropship; a Supreme Commander was at his heels.

"Rise warrior," he said, "We need to begin planning the next battle."

"Of course excellency," Erka responded humbly. The three commanders quickly exited; the Honor Guards at their heels.

"Eradar? That you?" Erka asked.

"Yeah."

"Barely recognized you in that armor," Erka said.

"Oh don't worry I'm changing, there is no way I'm wearing this on the field of battle," Eradar whispered.

As they reached the command center which already had several Honor Guards standing at attention; many had taken the positions of the Major Sangheli normally responsible for guarding the center. When they walked inside several Ultras were scrambling for their stations; the one at the center of it all was Field Master Sacra 'Menrah; the warrior who saved his life at the Battle of Conquest. He immediately embraced the warrior who was taken aback.

"Warrior do you not remember, at the Battle of Conquest the humans destroyed their own planet to ensure that they did not secure the Atlas, also you were my greatest friend during our times at the Academy," the Emperor said. The Atlas was an ancient Forerunner map

that pinpointed the location of every "sacred" sight in the galaxy. The Field Master remembered telling the Honorable Sora 'Vran Rumilee's Honor Guards that the humans had planted a powerful prototype weapon under the planets surface. He also regretted informing the Minister of Reclamation of the weapon; he would later go on to become the Prophet of Objection.

"Yes, excellency I do recall our training and informing your Honor Guards, I also recall that it is because I informed the Jiralhanae Chieftain and the Minister of Reclamation that the assault of Sanghelios was so successful," Sacra said.

"No, brother we were all fooled I have had many chances to slay the Prophet of Truth on sight; but did not because of my belief," Sora said comforting the Field Master, "There will be time to repent but now we must plan the next battle."

"Yes of course excellency,"

--

>"Chieftain Warus, I do hope that you not fail me this time, after all the new Minister of Reclamation is not as forgiving as I," Alpha Chieftain Ructus said from his flagship *Brute Might*; he was renowned for his crazed demeanor, but above all else he was known for his fierceness on the battlefield. Warus knew that the Chieftain had no tolerance for failure.

"I understand Chieftain, the Emperor will die by my hands," he said.

"No I want him alive, I will handle him myself," the greater of the two spoke.

"As you wish my lord," Warus said.

"Warus, I find your inability to keep the Sangheli from advancing most troubling; they are now at the bridge that leads into this city," the Minister of Reclamation said from the shadows; he floated in his gravity throne; then he did something very un-San 'Shyuum like, he got out of his gravity throne and lifted an Energy Sword to the towering Chieftain's neck, "Your predecessor made the mistake of failing me; surely you are not foolish to make the same one."

"N-No your holiness I will do as you command; but it will take a while to position our..." the Chieftain was interrupted.

"Do it," Reclamation walked back to his chair and floated away.

Warus rubbed his neck and started to bark orders to lesser Jiralhanae.

Sora had finalized the plans; he would personally lead the ground assault whilst a SpecOps contingent led by Erka went into the City and neutralized the Shield Generators that are guarding the Fortress. Sora now stood upon a hill; Eradar at his right Sacra to his left as his army mobilized behind him. The city was massive and had to be entered via four narrow bridges wide enough for a Scarab to pass through. All of his commanders awaited his signal. He was about to begin the invasion when a loud voice barked over the comms.

"Heretic fools, allying yourselves with the Humans your sins are even heavier than theirs, you scum are responsible for the destruction of the first Sacred Ring, you had the gall to glass the second and you destroyed the Ark. You will not withstand the wrath of the Covenant; there are none who can, so prepare Heretics; your time has come," the Minister of Reclamation's transmission was marked by several Phantom Dropships descending onto the scene.

"NOW!" the Emperor barked as his Anti-Air Wraiths moved from their hiding positions. All of the Phantoms were destroyed leaving countless corpses and the twisted metal of the Phantom's. Hundreds more descended. Unggoy armed with Fuel Rod guns helped the Anti-Air Wraiths and the Scarabs destroy the enemy dropships. Soon hundreds of Banshees and dozens of Seraphs moved to intercept the Phantoms. A Basilisk-Class cruiser uncloaked and sent a Plasma torpedo streaming through the Phantoms; the fighters moving to intercept them. But then Jiralhanae, Kig-Yar, and Yanme'e came pouring out of the city with Scarabs painted Red to signify the Chieftain's domination over the Sangheli. Choppers tore into Ghosts as Spectres destroyed Prowlers because of their advantage in speed. Wraiths destroyed Wraiths. Sangheli fighters descended upon the battlefield destroying enemy Wraiths and infantry alike.

Then suddenly thousands of enemy Banshees appeared as well. The Jiralhanae must have feared having their Seraphs blasted out of the sky like their Phantoms did. Sora seeing this nodded to Eradar who sped off to his Apparition squadron; a new division of crack pilots who each flew specialized Apparitions. When they flew in it was clear that the enemy air forces were outmatched. None of the Banshee's weapons could catch the Apparitions even though they were heavily outnumbered the Sangheli forces knocked the Jiralhanae out of the sky. On the ground it was hell many Jiralhanae forces were crushed under Banshee rubble, and obliterated under artillery fire; though many Sangheli had fallen under the sheer number of enemy forces.

Sora watched through his binoculars. He felt his food coming back up as a Sangheli was torn apart by a Chopper whose pilot was gutted by an Ultra who hijacked the Chopper. Sora watched one of the enemy Scarabs rip through an infantry line and a Wraith with a single shot. Then he saw one of his Banshee pilots eject while over the Scarab. The Ultra then personally cut down ten Jiralhanae including one holding a Fuel Rod gun (one who had downed several of his Banshees) and then took the Fuel Rod gun from the Chieftain's dead hands and blew the Scarabs reactor. He jumped off of the Scarab as it it crumbled to its knees. He climbed onto a passing Spectre and rode into the Jiralhanae lines. Countless Jiralhanae were consumed as the Scarab detonated in a beautiful blue explosion. Another was diced in half by the cruiser's energy projector. The third was vaporized by the Sanghelian Scarabs combined firepower. A Jiralhanae managed to tear his way past the infantry; a Chieftain. The Emperor heard the clumsy beast approach and spun on his heels to deflect a blow that never came; a half dozen Honor Guards had speared him through the chest and head.

"That was not necessary commander I am fully capable of defending myself," the Emperor said, "I need to keep my skills sharp as well."

"Excellency, you must not waste your time with such scum," the Honor Guard Ultra in command said.

Sora nodded to himself and decided not to argue the matter; he instead turned his attention to the Jiralhanae battling. Without the command of their Chieftain the Covenant ranks fell apart. Sora decided that now was the time to begin the assault on the main city itself. He boarded his personal Phantom with his Honor Guards and Field Master Menrah. Eradar's Apparition Squadron escorted him in. Meanwhile the army made its way into the city training the retreating Covenant.

Sora's Phantom was the only one that could put up shields and cloak at the same time. It also served as a mobile command center; a planning table replacing the Unggoy seats.

"Commander 'Witakr status!" Sora barked.

Erka jumped behind the shield console. It was ripped to shreds by a Jiralhanae Chieftain wielding a Fuel Rod gun.

"Come Heretic face your...uh" the Jiralhanae had its throat ripped open by an Energy Garrote. A SpecOps Sangheli decloaked and shot the Jiralhanae in the head to end its gasping for air.

"Bring in the bomb," Ten SpecOps Sangheli decloaked and put together a massive Anti-Matter bomb.

"Commander 'Witakr status!" the Emperor's voice barked over the comms.

"Sir the console is inoperable we are going to blow the facility," Erka said coolly.

"Very well do it we have to kill the Minister of Reclamation as soon as possible," Sora said.

Erka put his hand on the console and set the time for five minutes he threw a Plasma grenade towards a weak spot in the wall. A hole opened and natural light flooded into the room. Erka and his SpecOps walked into the Phantom and sped off towards the area of the Minister's fortress known as the 'Wizard's Spire'. Erka stared towards the Fortress it was under siege; in the center of it all the Wizard's Spire. Erka and his unit had the clearance to take out the Minister personally.

"All units pull back an orbital bombardment is incoming they plan on taking out the city being that the Fortress is still shielded!" Sora's voice boomed over the comms.

The Minister of Reclamation sat and watch as the Sangheli stumbled over each other to evacuate. Then a bright light blinded him; an explosion.

"Report Warus!"

"The shields are down my lord."

>"What!?" the Minister now feared for his life, " HURRY YOU FOOL CONTACT THE FLEET NOW!!"<p>

"They've blocked our communications..."

>"ARRRRGGGGG!" the Minister leaped from his chair and raised his Energy Sword to attack but was disintegrated. His last thoughts were 'Honor you bastard' as he was disintegrated by his own armada's plasma bombardment.<p>

The Prophet of Justice smiled to himself as the Fortress was obliterated. 'Attempt to take my throne and you shall be punished'.

"Holy one, what are your commands?" Alpha Chieftain Ructus asked.

"I will handle everything else now; our Infinite army is ready as is the Infinite fleet, glass this world; end Sora 'Vran Rumil once and for all, then we will do what Objection could not; destroy Sanghelios," the vile creature spat.

"Yes Noble Prophet," the Jiralhanae began barking orders and pointing directions.

Then the screens lit up; Slipspace ruptures more than he had ever seen before. Thousands, no tens of thousands of ships poured from Slipspace.

"We are the Forerunner," the screen lit up to show a Sangheli, "Back down now or you will be destroyed."

"WHAT TREACHERY IS THIS!?" the Hierarch fumed.

"Do not listen to that false religion your 'Prophets' have spat at you rebel and you will save yourselves," the Sangheli said.

"DESTROY THEM!" Justice spat.

"Noble Hierarch we do not want to endanger you we must pull back," Ructus said.

"Yes but leave the fleet behind they serve no purpose with the Infinite fleet as our force any more," Justice said. His flagship slipped away as the rest of his fleet was obliterated by his new enemies.

Xytan 'Jar Wattinr stared at the main view screen the Spartans had been found. He had lost 30 ships when destroying the Sentinels in orbit but when they glassed the factories they found an \_entire\_ Forerunner city. The Spartans were shocked when the Sangheli took them with open arms. The Sangheli who entered the core of the planet were amazed to find an entire Dyson Sphere; the legendary shields of the Forerunner. With it he had found an enormous surge of data including the location of the \_Death Forge.\_ The image of a particularly decorated human appeared on the main view screen.

"Greetings Councilor, I am Fleet Admiral Sir Terrance Hood; commander of Earth's Home Fleet. You wished to speak to me," the old man said.

"Yes I am Xytan 'Jar Wattinr I wish to report to you that we have secured the planet Onyx and have found your remaining Spartans. Also; the Forerunners were not the only thing we found on the planet

\_Salvation,\_ we also found the De-Master Chief; the last Spartan," Xytan was slightly amused as Lord Hoods solemn face turned into one of a child after receiving a present.

"Thank you for this wonderful news Councilor I must tell my superiors of this...memorable event," the comm closed. Xytan smiled to himself; maybe there was hope for the Humans to forgive his race yet. He looked at the stars and set a course for Earth; the Spartans were going home at last.

## 9. The Death Forge

Halo: The Defense of Sanghelios

The Death Forge

The Prophet of Justice sat upon his throne staring towards the \_trillions\_ of soldiers he could only see the first few thousand; the rest just arced into the artificial horizon. The Death Forge's cloning facilities were quite adequate. He smiled most of them were clones of Tartarus, the most powerful Jiralhanae to ever live. Mixed in here and there were the original soldiers of the Covenant, but they were now as obsolete as the Sangheli. He turned to Ructus the only Jiralhanae who was worth his time.

"Issue the order Chieftain," Justice said.

Wordlessly the Jiralhanae who were not clones were killed quickly, silently. Then the clones filed out to the millions of warships awaiting them.

Justice smiled; the Journey was about to begin.

--

"You have been charged with genocide and senseless murder of both Sangheli and Human citizens, and denying your sins after the full pardon by the Human government," the Arbiter sat forward in his gravity throne staring at a beleaguered, old, fragile, creature. The Prophet of Objection; stripped of his ornate robes and replaced with a simple poncho. His crown was now an ornament in a Sangheli museum. He stood before the High Council quivering; but not from fear his weak legs had not walked for a century and now only stood on sheer will power.

"Ha fool you may torture and kill this beaten form, but when the Journey comes you will all be purged. And I, I \_will\_ become a GOD!" Objection barked.

Sora was taken aback by the energy that the old creature had. For a moment he thought he was looking at Tartarus himself on trial. The Imperator snapped out of his gaze as the Councilors erupted in anger. Unggoy were jumping out of their seats fists raised demanding the San 'Shyuum's execution, Sangheli muttered amongst themselves about the Prophets fate, and Lekgolo Councilors emitted low guttural sounds.

"Order, Order!" Sora said hands raised.

"The punishment is torture and death by rule of the first Arbiter. All in favor of charging Eyo Urns; Hierarch of the Covenant, also known as the Prophet of Objection with these crimes," the Arbiter leaned forward in his chair. The Council raised their hands earnestly. Wordlessly two Honor Guards grabbed him and dragged him out.

--

Xytan 'Vran Wattinr shook hands with Lord Hood and smiled as Spartan-117 and his fellow Spartans reunited. The Spartans then walked through a column of Human soldiers who had their guns raised; creating an artificial arc for them to walk under. Xytan thought it was a beautiful site; the heroes were finally found and returned to their rightful place.

"Lord Hood a word please," Xytan said to the Admiral who was on his way to join th Spartans.

"Yes what is it Councilor."

"The Jiralhanae have grown in strength considerably since the end of the Earth Campaign, we suspect that they might target Earth. As a result we are sending one of our stations to support Earth's defenses," Xytan said.

"Very well."

"Also hears a...gift, from the Arbiter," Xytan handed Hood a holographic data pad. Hood took it and read through it for about a half hour.

"This is..."

"The authorization codes for the Sanghelian Shipyard Serna a subsidiary of Helios Shipyards, the largest ship producing company in the known galaxy. It has the resources to build your original fleet three times over in five years. Also the return of twenty million human soldiers that were in Jiralhanae custody."

Lord Hood gaped at these figures. 'Maybe these split...Sangheli aren't so bad after all' Hood thought.

"Good luck Admiral," Xytan saluted and walked back to his Phantom.

"Thank you," Hood said, "A year ago I said I would never forgive your race for leaving me with nothing but a hollow rank. But, I realize the choice was not yours. And I have come to grasp with that, and I have forgiven you. Tell the Arbiter that."

"I will," Xytan said as the doors of his Phantom closed for the journey into orbit.

--

"Sanghelios has 130,000 warships in orbit; 100,000 of which are Forerunner. Hundreds of \_Hierophant-\_class stations are in orbit supporting them. At the start of the Human-Covenant war the Covenant had 100,000 warships; 2,000 of which were destroyed by the time of



the Great Schism. 60,000 warships were seized by the Jiralhanae of which only 10,000 remained; Sanghelios, Doisac, High Charity, Earth; all of these campaigns wore out the Jiralhanae war effort. But, most were destroyed by the Jiralhanae's warring for power after the destruction of their War Chieftains at Doisac. The Prophet of Justice took command of the warring factions, being the last remaining Hierarch. The Sangheli had 38,000 warships at the start of the Great Schism only 1,000 were destroyed do to superior Sanghelian tactics and the Jiralhanae fighting a three sided war; one against the beleaguered Human forces, the next against the Sangheli, the third against their own war like nature," Xytan briefed the High Council, "now we are taking a huge risk with this assault on the Death Forge; only 17,000 warships will be able to defend Sanghelios and our worlds."

"The Council is confident in its decision, Councilor," Sora huffed, "The battle is a diversion regardless. According to the data the Forerunners provided to us the Death Forge is in penetrable to most weapons. However the plan is to have several thousand Phantom Dropships and boarding craft to land and secure one of the Forge's hangars. With that one of our Supercarriers will land in and blast our way through the enemies inner defenses we will strike at the core while a small strike team led by myself, the Arbiter, and Jalum rai Sahll, kill the Prophet of Justice."

"For the sake of the galaxy this Hierarch must be eliminated; if he escapes his armada will escape as well and thus doom the Galaxy to eradication," Jalum said.

--

Sora stood before his wife Relna she held their new born daughter and son; twins.

"Please return to me; to us Sora," she said rubbing her hand against his mandibles.

"I'll watch his back mom," Eradar walked up from behind and patted her shoulder reassuringly.

"Be careful you two," she said they all embraced. Then a beep Emmet from both of their legs. A hologram of the Arbiter appeared as Sora opened up the comm disk.

"Imperator the forces are assembled, the time has come," his deep voice uttered sternly.

"See you on \_Unrelenting Might, \_Father," Eradar said leaving the two to themselves.

When Eradar was out of sight they kissed as though they would never see each other again.

"Good-bye Sora," Relna said

"Only for a bit," Sora said reassuringly. Sora's personal Phantom descended before the Rumil estate; Eradar waited inside. A dozen Honor Guards filed out. Two escorted Relna back into the estate. The rest waited for Sora he walked in and took one last breath of Sanghelios air and climbed in. The Phantom sped off Relna, then the

entire estate became indistinguishable from the skyline of Sanghelios' capital.

Soon they were staring towards the enormous battle station \_Unrelenting Might. \_ Thousands of warships escorted it. Soon two Seraphs zoomed by escorting them to the Hangar bay. 120,000 ships slipped away; to war.

--

\_Unrelenting Might \_bustled with life. In the Hangar bays thousands of troops stood filing into their Phantoms. Among them; were honoraries such as the Arbiter and Rtas 'Vadum. Those two aforementioned were sparring with Energy Swords. Junior Sangheli watched in awe as the two swordsmen dueled. The duel ended with the Arbiter killing Vadum at the cost of his own life (in simulation only). They they took the fake Energy Swords and put it back on the rack; replacing it with their own blades.

"I would feel much better going into this with the Spartans," Rtas said.

"I know, brother, but we started this war, and now we shall finish it," the Arbiter said.

On the command deck Lord 'Excusee barked orders to other commanders. He prepared to make the pull out of Slipspace perfect; if they came in too fast then he wouldn't have time to enter the authorization codes before the Death Forge's weapon systems came on line if he came in too far the enemy fleet would lose less ships on the initial ambush.

"Excellency we're coming up on the system now," the nav officer said.

"Ease us into the system commander," Irka said as soon as they exited Slipspace it was clear why the Death Forge was able to produce so many warships. Its central section could swallow a planet easily and around it was a massive orbital ring; the shipyards. Suddenly Irka wondered if they could destroy it. 'We have to.' he said to himself. He snapped out of his trance and punched in the Authorization code.

--

"The Great Journey is nigh my brothers, from Ship Master to Minor Kig-Yar we shall all become gods soon," Justice concluded from his personal viewing chamber on High Charity. As this speech was being played his clones ripped through all non clone warriors.

"My lord the fleet is prepared to sweep the Sanghelian terr..." Ructus was interrupted as 100,000 of their warships disappeared in vibrant blue plasma explosions.

"Excellency the Death Forge's defensive weapons are off line and there is a large fleet of Sanghelian warships this way," the tactical officer reported.

Ructus stared at the huge hole in their formation, then he noticed thousands of Phantoms sweeping through the hole towards the Death

Forge.

"Whats the status of High Charity's guns?" Ructus barked.

"Still on final checks excellency."

Ructus growled.

"Get me The Three Warlords," Justice said calmly.

"Yes my lord."

--

The Arbiter and 'Vadum sliced through several Jiralhanae. They looked down the corridor; no Kig-Yar. Several other Sangheli emerged from the other dropships. They were spread throughout the multitude of small hangar bays. They had to make their way to the large one which was a few levels down.

"By the rings Arbiter!" Vadum pointed at the face of the Jiralhanae; all of them had the face of Tartarus; and his distinct white fur.

"Now it has become clear; clones, come we must secure the Hangar as soon as possible. The two of them activated their camouflage and moved deeper in the facility. The Main Hangar in that sector of the Forge was just through a large area about three kilometers wide. The Arbiter and Vadum were surprised at what they saw. The chamber was a city; bustling with Jiralhanae soldiers prepping for war.

"Commandos bring in the Ghosts," the Arbiter and his SpecOps mounted Ghosts and sped into the city in the center of it was a small subsidiary reactor that powered the city. The Jiralhanae never knew what hit them as some had their bodies dismembered others just outright splattered my Sangheli moving at a hundred miles per hour. The Arbiter threw a special grenade into the reactor building. After thirty seconds it went off taking millions of Jiralhanae with it. The Arbiter and his group made it out before the bustling city became a crater the size of a battlecruiser. They then proceeded on foot to the elevator.

--

Sora 'Xran Rumil stared towards the Infinite fleet; millions of warships closed the gap that his fleet had sliced through. So far the operation was going as planned his fighters engaged the enemy as the Arbiter and his troops secured the Docking bay.

"Imperator, enemy boarding craft."

"Bring all batteries and lasers to bear and fire dead center wipe them out."

Within a moment the fleet discharged weapons burning most of the boarding craft. A few managed to evade the barrage but were mopped up by point laser batteries. Sora stared at the view screen pondering what to do next.

"Commander magnify the debris field," he said urgently. And as he

suspected their hovering in the debris; a flood spore. It soon popped as the dropship's artificial gravity leaked out and it drifted into the vacuum of space. 'Shit' he thought.

"Security officers be aware the flood is present in the system please equip quarantine gear ASAP. Ship Masters take heed do not let any dropship get past our quarantine."

--

The Arbiter cut through the last Jiralhanae in the Hangar bay. These were far better warriors than the Jiralhanae he had faced on Earth, they were easily as powerful as the ones on the second Halo; but with Armor. Jiralhanae descended from the massive gravity lift; but they brought something; a couple of Wraith tanks.

"Take cover!" Rtas barked as an explosion ringed through the air. From his belt he drew an Energy Shield just in time to deflect an hammer blast from an incoming Chieftain. The Chieftain spun on his heels and tried to swing again but was interrupted as both combatants jumped into the air to avoid an incoming mortar blast. The Chieftain then charged for Vadum and swung his hammer. Rtas ducked and discarded his shield in favor for another Energy Sword. The Chieftain huffed and sent a wave of Gravity towards the Imperial Admiral. Vadum was flung back with such force that his blades flew out of his hands. He groaned as the Chieftain made one final charge. Another explosion rung through the air the Chieftain stood their glowing white; around him was nothing but a glass crater. The white faded as he stared towards his new opponent; the Arbiter himself. He would never get the chance to crush the Arbiter's Wraith as a blade ran through his entrails. He groaned for a short while before another blade cleaved his head off.

"Thank you, Arbiter, these new Jiralhanae are far more skilled warriors now," Rtas huffed.

"Watch your back in hear, brother this clone army is quite powerful," the Arbiter warned.

The two looked around the SpecOps were mopping up the rest of the Jiralhanae minors. A single Captain got back up; spiker raised and pointed it towards the Arbiter. A beam rifle shot rang through the air and the Jiralhanae collapsed to the floor; dead. The SpecOps immediately covered the Arbiter and raised their weapons to the area where the weapon came from. Then a voice boomed.

"Stop Sangheli we are hear to help. The Great Journey is a lie, Justice had betrayed us," the voice was that of a San 'Shyuum, "I am the Minister of Tranquility."

"Why is it that now you have come to see the light, and why should I trust you," the Arbiter boomed.

"Because you'd be dead if I wanted to."

On that cue thousands of Kig-Yar, Yanme'e, and Jiralhanae un-cloaked. Their were even a few Chieftains hear and their. From the center of the group spoke the Minister who was guarded by four Chieftains.

"The Prophet of Justice has killed all other soldiers of the Covenant stationed here. Over a billion troops were massacred here, all in favor of this new clone army," the Minister said, "I am the last of the High Council besides these four Chieftains. After this betrayal initiated the warriors stationed across the fleet were turned on by their clones. Only the 20,000 troops stationed in regions that had yet to be patrolled by the clones escaped. These Chieftains covered my exit."

"For now we will trust you, but at any hint of treachery we will kill you," the Arbiter said.

"With all due respect Arbiter how would you do this..."

The Minister's question was answered when a Sanghelian Supercarrier soared into the main Hangar bay

"I guess we have a deal then," the Minister added jokingly.

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The Emperor's strategy had been working perfectly. The fleet performed hit and run tactics; destroying vessels then performing pinpoint jumps to out of the Armada's range of fire. But, the flood was a constant threat; although there had been no sighting of them since the failed boarding mission there was still that threat ever lurking. Sora stood aboard the command deck of the Supercarrier Devout Handler II. The stealth technology fitted onto the warship worked flawlessly.

"Lord 'Excuse me I trust that you will be able to manage the situation in orbit while I am gone?" Sora asked.

"Of course Sora, watch his back will you Jalum," Irka responded.

"Naturally," Jalum said in his deep calm voice. He leaned in the corner of the command center hands folded.

The two walked off the bridge in order to go on with their mission.

As they entered the orientation chamber Sora noted that there were Honor Guards standing next to every row. And at the top several Helios snipers stood ready. There were a multitude of Zealots and Ultras in the stands; waiting for the battle plans they were going to carry out.

"Ok now here is the plan the Death Forge has a Diameter of 100,000 km; our primary target is the dwarf star that lies in the center of the Forge. It is a white dwarf with a diameter of 13,000 km," the Arbiter said.

"Even so how will we get to the center, and how can we destroy something of that scope?" a Zealot asked.

"The Forerunner have given us a weapon known as the resonance bomb. The explosion then disbalances the fusion reactions of a star, causing it to supernova," Rtas said.

"The \_Devout Handler II\_ is armed with several dozen energy projectors; each is powerful enough to cut through the inner metal of the Death Forge, but there are three walls that have energy barriers around them, Supreme Commander Eradar 'Rumil will lead the assault; we only need to deactivate part of the shield in order to proceed. The Army will deal with the Jiralhanae around the tower while Supreme Commander 'Rumil leads the detachment into the tower. Once the shield is down the \_Handler \_will use its projectors to blast through the wall and rinse and repeat until we've reached the core. After each tower is destroyed we will make a pinpoint Slipspace jump to the next target otherwise it would take far longer," Sora said.

"You must also keep them distracted from our mission to High Charity; we will go and end the Covenant with the death of the last Hierarch, good luck to all," Rtas said.

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A cloaked Phantom departed the Death Forge and streamed towards the newly constructed High Charity. It zoomed past its defensive fleet without any of the Ship Masters noticing. It landed in one of the lower Hangar bays. A single Jiralhanae Captain and two Minors supervised the hangar bay. The Captain was fast asleep while his subordinates patrolled the walkways. None knew what hit them as their throats were slit before they could alert the High Command.

Four warriors emerged with Energy blades drawn. Rtas took an AI chip and inserted it into the circuitry. A holographic image of High Charity appeared. Justice was in the High Council Chambers.

"We must proceed quickly and quietly if we are to succeed," the Arbiter whispered as they went back into camouflage.

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"As a result of recent events I am trusting that you three will be able to neutralize the fools on the Death Forge, use whatever methods necessary and take whatever you wish," Justice said.

"Yes, Holy one," the the Three warlords said in unison. They were trained in all arts of war known to the Covenant; from the Gravity Hammer to the plasma pistol, each was able to kill with their bare hands.

"Ructus, check the security in this sector, I don't want any unnecessary intrusion," Justice said as the three left.

"As you wish."

Justice looked out towards the space battle. Brilliant blue explosions ripped through the vast emptiness. 'All is well' he thought. He relaxed in his throne.

End  
file.